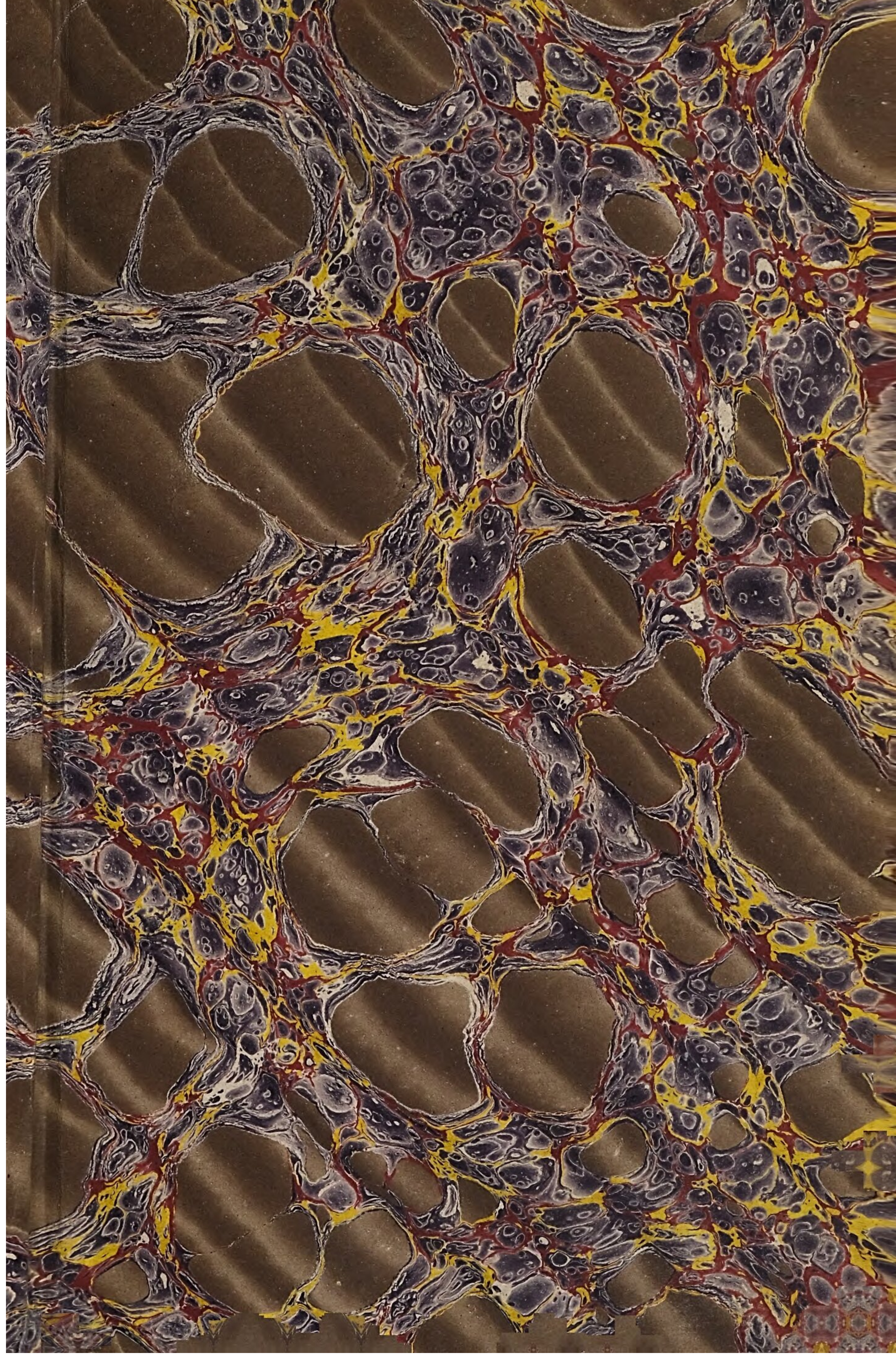






CAPT^N. GORDON,
Royal Navy.



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SNARLEY YOW,

OR

THE DOG FIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“PETER SIMPLE,” “FRANK MILD MAY,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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SNARLEY YOW.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction of divers parties and a red-herring.

IT was in the month of January, 1699, that a one-masted vessel, with black sides, was running along the coast near Beachy Head, at the rate of about five miles per hour. The wind was from the northward and blew keenly, the vessel was under easy sail, and the water was smooth. It was now broad daylight, and the sun rose clear of clouds and vapour; but he threw out light without heat. The upper parts of the

spars, the hammock rails, and the small iron guns which were mounted on the vessel's decks, were covered with a white frost. The man at the helm stood muffled up in a thick pea-jacket and mittens, which made his hands appear as large as his feet. His nose was a pug of an intense bluish red, one tint arising from the present cold, and the other from the preventive checks which he had been so long accustomed to take to drive out such an unpleasant intruder. His grizzled hair waved its locks gently to the wind, and his face was distorted with an immoderate quid of tobacco which protruded his right cheek. This personage was second officer and steersman on board of the vessel, and his name was Obadiah Coble. He had been baptized Obadiah about sixty years before; that is to say if he had been baptized at all. He stood so motionless at the helm, that you might have imagined him to have been frozen there as he stood, were it not that his eyes occasionally wandered from the compass on the binnacle to the bows of the vessel, and that the breath from his

mouth, when it was thrown out into the clear frosty air, formed a smoke like to that from the spout of a half-boiling tea-kettle.

The crew belonging to the cutter, for she was a vessel in the service of his Majesty, King William the Third, at this time employed in protecting his Majesty's revenue against the importation of alamodes and lute-strings, were all down below at their breakfasts, with the exception of the steersman and lieutenant-commandant, who now walked the quarter-deck, if so small an extent of plank could be dignified with such a name. He was a Mr. Cornelius Vanslyperken, a tall, meagre-looking personage, with very narrow shoulders and very small head. Perfectly straight up and down, protruding in no part, he reminded you of some tall parish pump, with a great knob at its top. His face was gaunt, cheeks hollow, nose and chin showing an affection for each other, and evidently lamenting the gulf between them which prevented their meeting. Both appeared to have fretted themselves to the utmost degree of tenuity from disappoint-

ment in love : as for the nose, it had a pearly round tear hanging at its tip, as if it wept. The dress of Mr. Vanslyperken was hidden in a great coat, which was very long, and buttoned straight down. This great coat had two pockets on each side, into which its owner's hands were deeply inserted, and so close did his arms lie to his sides, that they appeared nothing more than as would battens nailed to a topsail yard. The only deviation from the perpendicular was from the insertion of a speaking-trumpet under his left arm, at right angles with his body. It had evidently seen much service, was battered, and the clack Japan worn off in most parts of it. As we said before, Mr. Vanslyperken walked his quarter-deck. He was in a brown study, yet looked blue. Six strides brought him to the taffrail of the vessel, six more to the bows, such was the length of his tether—and he turned, and turned again.

But there was another personage on the deck, a personage of no small importance, as he was all in all to Mr. Vanslyperken, and Mr.

Vanslyperken was all in all to him; moreover, we may say, that he is the hero of the TAIL. This was one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced :—ugly in colour; for he was of a dirty yellow, like the paint served out to decorate our men-of-war by his Majesty's dockyards :—ugly in face; for he had one wall-eye, and was so far under-jawed as to prove that a bull-dog had had something to do with his creation :—ugly in shape; for although larger than a pointer, and strongly built, he was coarse and shambling in his make, with his forelegs bowed out. His ears and tail had never been docked, which was a pity, as the more you curtailed his proportions, the better looking the cur would have been. But his ears, although not cut, were torn to ribbons by the various encounters with dogs on shore, arising from the acidity of his temper. His tail had lost its hair from an inveterate mange, and reminded you of the same appendage to a rat. Many parts of his body were bared from the same disease. He carried his head and tail low, and had a

villanous sour look. To the eye of a casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well, there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. He followed his master with the greatest precision and exactitude, walking aft as he walked aft, and walking forward with the same regular motion, turning when his master turned, and moreover, turning in the same direction; and, like his master, he appeared to be not a little nipped with the cold, and, as well as he, in a state of profound meditation. The name of this uncouth animal was very appropriate to his appearance, and to his temper. It was Snarley yow.

At last, Mr. Vanslyperken gave vent to his pent-up feelings. "I can't, I won't stand this any longer," muttered the lieutenant, as he took his six strides forward. At this first sound of his master's voice the dog pricked up the remnants of his ears, and they both turned aft. "She has been now fooling me for six years;" and as he concluded this sentence, Mr. Vanslyperken and Snarley yow had reached the taff-

rail, and the dog raised his tail to the half cock.

They turned, and Mr. Vanslyperken paused a moment or two, and compressed his thin lips—the dog did the same. “I will have an answer, by all that’s blue!” was the ejaculation of the next six strides. The lieutenant stopped again, and the dog looked up in his master’s face; but it appeared as if the current of his master’s thoughts was changed, for the current of keen air reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that he had not yet had his breakfast.

The lieutenant leant over the hatchway, took his battered speaking-trumpet from under his arm, and putting it to his mouth, the deck reverberated with, “Pass the word for Smallbones forward.” The dog put himself in a baying attitude, with his forefeet on the coamings of the hatchway, and enforced his master’s orders with a deep-toned and measured bow, wow, wow.

Smallbones soon made his appearance, rising from the hatchway like a ghost; a thin, shambling personage, apparently about twenty

years old—a pale, cadaverous face, high cheekbones, goggle eyes, with lank hair very thinly sown upon a head, which, like bad soil, would return but a scanty harvest. He looked like Famine's eldest son just arriving to years of discretion. His long lanky legs were pulled so far through his trowsers, that his bare feet, and half way up to his knees, were exposed to the chilling blast. The sleeves of his jacket were so short, that four inches of bone above his wrist were bared to view—hat he had none—his ears were very large, and the rims of them red with cold, and his neck was so immeasurably long and thin, that his head appeared to topple for want of support. When he had come on deck, he stood with one hand raised to his forehead, touching his hair instead of his hat, and the other occupied with a half-roasted red-herring. “Yes, sir,” said Smallbones, standing before his master.

“Be quick!”—commenced the lieutenant; but here his attention was directed to the red-herring by Snarley yow, who raised his head and snuffed at its fumes. Among other dis-

qualifications of the animal, be it observed, that he had no nose except for a red-herring, or a post by the way side. Mr. Vanslyperken discontinued his orders, took his hand out of his great coat pocket, wiped the drop from off his nose, and then roared out, "How dare you appear on the quarter-deck of a king's ship, sir, with a red-herring in your fist?"

"If you please, sir," replied Smallbones, "if I were to come for to go to leave it in the galley, I shouldn't find it when I went back."

"What do I care for that, sir? It's contrary to all the rules and regulations of the service. Now, sir, hear me——"

"O Lord, sir! let me off this time, it's only a *soldier*," replied Smallbones, deprecatingly; but Snarley yow's appetite had been very much sharpened by his morning's walk; it rose with the smell of the herring, so he rose on his hind legs, snapped the herring out of Smallbones' hand, bolted forward by the lee gangway, and would soon have bolted the herring, had not Smallbones bolted after him and overtaken him

just as he had laid it down on the deck preparatory to commencing his meal. A fight ensued; Smallbones received a severe bite in the leg, which induced him to seize a handspike, and make a blow with it at the dog's head, which, if it had been well aimed, would have probably put an end to all further pilfering. As it was, the handspike descended upon one of the dog's fore toes, and Snarley-yow retreated, yelling, to the other side of the fore-castle, and as soon as he was out of reach, like all curs, bayed in defiance.

Smallbones picked up the herring, pulled up his trowsers to examine the bite, poured down an anathema upon the dog, which was, "May you be starved, as I am, you beast!" and then turned round to go aft, when he struck against the spare form of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, with his hands in his pocket, and his trumpet under his arm, looked unutterably savage.

"How dare you beat *my* dog, you villain?" said the lieutenant at last, choking with passion.

"He's a-bitten my leg through and through, sir," replied Smallbones, with a face of alarm.

“ Well, sir, why have you such thin legs, then ?”

“ ’Cause I gets nothing to fill ’em up with.”

“ Have you not a herring there, you herring-gutted scoundrel? which, in defiance of all the rules of the service, you have brought on his Majesty’s quarter-deck, you greedy rascal, and for which I intend——”

“ It ar’n’t my herring, sir, it be yours—for your breakfast—the only one that is left out of the half-dozen.”

This last remark appeared somewhat to pacify Mr. Vanslyperken.

“ Go down below, sir,” said he, after a pause, “ and let me know when my breakfast is ready.”

Smallbones obeyed immediately, too glad to escape so easily.

“ Snarley yow,” said his master, looking at the dog, who remained on the other side of the fore-castle ; “ O Snarley yow, for shame ! Come here, sir. Come here, sir, directly.”

But Snarley yow, who was very sulky at the loss of his anticipated breakfast, was contu-

macious, and would not come. He stood at the other side of the fore-castle, while his master apostrophised him, looking him in the face. Then, after a pause of indecision, he gave a howling sort of bark, trotted away to the main hatchway, and disappeared below. Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the quarter-deck, and turned, and turned as before.

CHAPTER II.

Showing what became of the red-herring.

SMALLBONES soon made his re-appearance, informing Mr. Vanslyperken that his breakfast was ready for him, and Mr. Vanslyperken, feeling himself quite ready for his breakfast, went down below. A minute after he had disappeared, another man came up to relieve the one at the wheel, who, as soon as he had surrendered up the spokes, commenced warming himself after the most approved method, by flapping his arms round his body.

“The skipper’s out o’ sorts again this morning,” said Obadiah, after a time. “I heard him muttering about the woman at the Lust Haus.”

“Then, by Got, we will have de breeze,” replied Jansen, who was a Dutch seaman of huge proportions, rendered still more preposterous by the multiplicity of his nether clothing.

“Yes, as sure as Mother Carey’s chickens raise the gale, so does the name of the Frau Vandersloosh. I’ll be down and get my breakfast, there may be keel-hauling before noon.”

“Mein Got—dat is de tyfel.”

“Keep her nor-east, Jansen, and keep a sharp look out for the boats.”

“Got for dam—how must I steer the chip and look for de boats at de same time?—not possible.”

“That’s no consarn o’ mine. Those are the orders, and I passes them—you must get over the impossibility how you can.” So saying, Obadiah Coble walked below.

We must do the same, and introduce the reader to the cabin of Lieutenant Vanslyperken, which was not very splendid in its furniture. One small table, one chair, a mattress in a standing bed-place, with curtains made of

bunting, an open cupboard, containing three plates, one tea-cup and saucer, two drinking glasses, and two knives. More was not required, as Mr. Vanslyperken never indulged in company. There was another cupboard, but it was carefully locked. On the table before the lieutenant was a white wash-hand basin, nearly half full of burgoo, a composition of boiled oatmeal and water, very wholesome, and very hot. It was the allowance, from the ship's coppers, of Mr. Vanslyperken and his servant Smallbones. Mr. Vanslyperken was busy stirring it about to cool it a little, with a leaden spoon. Snarley yow sat close to him, waiting for his share, and Smallbones stood by, waiting for orders.

“Smallbones,” said the lieutenant, after trying the hot mess before him, and finding that he was still in danger of burning his mouth, “bring me the red-herring.”

“Red-herring, sir?” stammered Smallbones.

“Yes,” replied his master, fixing his little grey eye sternly on him, “the red-herring.”

“It’s gone, sir!” replied Smallbones, with alarm.

“Gone!—gone where?”

“If you please, sir, I didn’t a-think that you would have touched it after the dog had had it in his nasty mouth; and so, sir—if you please, sir——”

“And so what?” said Vanslyperken, compressing his thin lips.

“I ate it myself—if you please—O dear—O dear!”

“You did, did you—you gluttonous scarecrow—you did, did you? Are you aware that you have committed a theft—and are you aware of the punishment attending it?”

“O sir—it was a mistake—dear sir,” cried Smallbones, whimpering.

“In the first place, I will cut you to ribbons with the cat.”

“Mercy, sir—O sir!” cried the lad, the tears streaming from his eyes.

“The thief’s cat, with three knots in each tail.”

Smallbones raised up his thin arms, and clasped his hands, pleading for mercy.

“ And after the flogging—you shall be keel-hauled.”

“ O God !” screamed Smallbones, falling down on his knees, “ mercy—mercy !”

But there was none. Snarley yow, when he saw the lad go down on his knees, flew at him, and threw him on his back, growling over him, and occasionally looking at his master.

“ Come here, Snarley yow,” said Mr. Vanslyperken. “ Come here, sir, and lie down.” But Snarley yow had not forgotten the red-herring; so in revenge, he first bit Smallbones in the thigh, and then obeyed his master.

“ Get up, sir,” cried the lieutenant.

Smallbones rose, but his temper now rose also; he forgot all that he was to suffer, from indignation against the dog: with flashing eyes, and whimpering with rage, he cried out, as the tears fell, and his arms swung round, “ I’ll not stand this—I’ll jump overboard—that I will: fourteen times has that ere dog a-bitten me this week. I’d sooner die at

once, than be made dog's-meat of in this here way."

"Silence, you mutinous rascal, or I'll put you in irons."

"I wish you would—irons don't bite, if they hold fast. I'll run away—I don't mind being hung—that I don't—starved to death, bitten to death in this here way——"

"Silence, sir. It's over-feeding that makes you saucy."

"The Lord forgive you!" cried Small-bones, with surprise; "I've not had a full meal——"

"A full meal, you rascal! there's no filling a thing like you—hollow from top to bottom, like a bamboo."

"And what I does get," continued Small-bones, with energy, "I pays dear for; that ere dog flies at me, if I takes a bit o' biscuit. I never has a bite without getting a bite, and it's all my own allowance."

"A proof of his fidelity, and an example to you, you wretch," replied the lieutenant, fondly patting the dog on the head.

“ Well, I wish you’d discharge me—or hang me, I don’t care which. You eats so hearty, and the dog eats so hearty, that I gets nothing. We are only victualled for two.”

“ You insolent fellow ! recollect the thief’s cat.”

“ It’s very hard,” continued Smallbones, unmindful of the threat, “ that that ere beast is to eat my allowance, and be allowed to half eat me too.”

“ You forget the keel-hauling, you scarecrow.”

“ Well, I hope I may never come up again, that’s all.”

“ Leave the cabin, sir.”

This order Smallbones obeyed.

“ Snarley yow,” said the lieutenant, “ you are hungry, my poor beast.” Snarley yow put his forepaw up on his master’s knee. “ You shall have your breakfast soon,” continued his master, eating the burgoo between his addresses to the animal. “ Yes, Snarley yow, you have done wrong this morning—you ought to have no breakfast.” Snarley yow growled.

“ We are only four years acquainted, and how many scrapes you have got me into, Snarley-yow !” Snarleyyow here put both his paws upon his master’s knee. “ Well, you are sorry, my poor dog, and you shall have some breakfast ;” and Mr. Vanslyperken put the basin of burgoo on the floor, which the dog tumbled down his throat most rapidly. “ Nay, my dog, not so fast ; you must leave some or Smallbones, he will require some breakfast before his punishment. There, that will do ;” and Mr. Vanslyperken wished to remove the basin with a little of the burgoo remaining in it. Snarleyyow growled, would have snapped at his master, but Mr. Vanslyperken shoved him away with the bell mouth of his speaking-trumpet, and recovering a portion of the mess, put it on the table for the use of poor Smallbones. “ Now then, my dog, we will go on deck.” Mr. Vanslyperken left the cabin, followed by Snarleyyow ; but as soon as his master was half way up the ladder, Snarleyyow turned back, leaped on

the chair, from the chair to the table, and then finished the whole of the breakfast appropriated for Smallbones. Having effected this, the dog followed his master.

CHAPTER III.

A retrospect, and short description of a new character.

BUT we must leave poor Smallbones to lament his hard fate in the fore peak of the vessel, and Mr. Vanslyperken and his dog to walk the quarter-deck, while we make our readers a little better acquainted with the times in which the scenes passed which we are now describing, as well as with the history of Mr. Vanslyperken.

The date in our first chapter, that of the year 1699, will, if they refer back to history, show them that William of Nassau had been a few years on the English throne, and that

peace had just been concluded between England with its allies and France. The king occasionally passed his time in Holland, among his Dutch countrymen, and the English and Dutch fleets, which but a few years before were engaging with such an obstinacy of courage, had lately sailed together, and turned their guns against the French. William, like all those continental princes who have been called to the English throne, showed much favour to his own countrymen, and England was overrun with Dutch favourites, Dutch courtiers, and peers of Dutch extraction. He would not even part with his Dutch guards, and was at issue with the Commons of England on that very account. But the war was now over, and most of the English and Dutch navy lay dismantled in port, a few small vessels only being in commission to intercept the smuggling from France that was carrying on, much to the detriment of English manufacture, of certain articles then denominated *alamodes* and *lutestrings*. The cutter we have described was on this service, and was named the *Yung-*

frau, although built in England, and forming a part of the English naval force.

It may readily be supposed that Dutch interest, during this period, was in the ascendant. Such was the case: and the Dutch officers and seamen who could not be employed in their own marine were appointed in the English vessels, to the prejudice of our own countrymen. Mr. Vanslyperken was of Dutch extraction, but born in England long before the Prince of Orange had ever dreamt of being called to the English throne. He was a near relation of King William's own nurse, and even in these days, that would cause powerful interest. Previous to the revolution he had been laid on the shelf for cowardice in one of the engagements between the Dutch and the English, he being then a lieutenant on board of a two-decked ship, and of long standing in the service; but before he had been appointed to this vessel, he had served invariably in small craft, and his want of this necessary qualification had never been discovered. The interest used for him on the

accession of the Dutch king was sufficient for his again obtaining the command of a small vessel. In those days, the service was very different from what it is now. The commanders of vessels were also the pursers, and could save a great deal of money by defrauding the crew: and further, the discipline of the service was such as would astonish the modern philanthropist; there was no appeal for subordinates, and tyranny and oppression, even amounting to the destruction of life, were practised with impunity. Smollett has given his readers some idea of the state of the service a few years after the time of which we are now writing, when it was infinitely worse, for the system of the Dutch, notorious for their cruelty, had been grafted upon that of the English: the consequence was, a combination of all that was revolting to humanity was practised without any notice being taken of it by the superior powers, provided that the commanders of the vessels did their duty when called upon, and showed the necessary talent and courage.

Lieutenant Vanslyperken's character may be

summed up in the three vices of avarice, cowardice, and cruelty. A miser in the extreme, he had saved up much money by his having had the command of a vessel for so many years, during which he had defrauded and pilfered both from the men and the government. Friends and connexions he had none on this side of the water, and, when on shore, he had lived in a state of abject misery, although he had the means of comfortable support. He was now fifty-five years of age. Since he had been appointed to the *Yungfrau*, he had been employed in carrying despatches to the States-General from King William, and had, during his repeated visits to the Hague, made acquaintance with the widow Vandersloosh, who kept a *Lust Haus*,* a place of resort for sailors, where they drank and danced. Discovering that the comfortably fat landlady was also very comfortably rich, Mr. Vanslyperken had made advances, with the hope of obtaining her hand and handling her money. The widow had, however, no idea of accepting the offer,

* Pleasure House.

but was too wise to give him a decided refusal, as she knew it would be attended with his preventing the crew of the cutter from frequenting her house, and, thereby, losing much custom. Thus did she, at every return, receive him kindly and give him hopes, but nothing more. Since the peace, as we before observed, the cutter had been ordered for the prevention of smuggling.

When and how Mr. Vanslyperken had picked up his favourite Snarley yow cannot be discovered, and must remain a secret. The men said that the dog had appeared on the deck of the cutter in a supernatural way, and most of them looked upon him with as much awe as ill-will.

This is certain, that the cutter had been a little while before in a state of mutiny, and a forcible entry attempted at night into the lieutenant's cabin. It is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that Vanslyperken felt that a good watch-dog might be a very useful appendage to his establishment, and had procured one accordingly. All the affection he ever showed to

anything living was certainly concentrated on this one animal, and, next to his money, Snarley yow had possession of his master's heart.

Poor Smallbones, cast on the world without father or mother, had become starved before he was on board the cutter, and had been starved ever since. As the reader will perceive, his allowance was mostly eaten up by the dog, and he was left to beg a precarious support from the goodwill and charity of his shipmates, all of whom were equally disgusted with the commander's cruelty and the ungain temper of his brute companion.

Having entered into this retrospect for the benefit of the reader, we will now proceed.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck for nearly a quarter of an hour without speaking: the men had finished their breakfasts, and were lounging about the deck, for there was nothing for them to do, except to look out for the return of the two boats which had been sent away the night before. The lieutenant's thoughts were, at one minute, upon Mrs. Vandersloosh, thinking how he could persuade

her, and, at another, upon Smallbones, thinking how he could render the punishment adequate, in his opinion, to the magnitude of the offence. While discussing these two important matters, one of the men reported the boats ahead, and broke up the commander's reverie.

"How far off?" demanded Mr. Vanslyperken.

"About two miles."

"Pulling or sailing?"

"Pulling, sir; we stand right for them."

But Mr. Vanslyperken was in no pleasant humour, and ordered the cutter to be hove to.

"I tink de men have pull enough all night," said Jansen, who had just been relieved at the wheel, to Obadiah Coble, who was standing by him on the forecastle.

"I think so too: but there'll be a breeze, depend upon it—never mind, the devil will have his own all in good time."

"Got for dam," said Jansen, looking at Beechy Head, and shaking his own.

"Why, what's the matter now, old Schnapps?" said Coble.

“ Schnapps—yes—the tyfel—Schnapps, I think how the French schnapped us Dutchmen here when you Englishment wouldn’t fight.”

“ Mind what you say, old twenty breeches—wouldn’t fight—when wouldn’t we fight?”

“ Here, where we were now, by Got, you leave us all in the lurch, and not come down.”

“ Why, we couldn’t come down.”

“ Bah !” replied Jansen, who referred to the defeat of the combined Dutch and English fleet by the French off Beechy Head in 1690.

“ We wouldn’t fight, heh?” exclaimed Obadiah in scorn, “ what do you say to the Hogue?”

“ Yes, den you fought well—dat was good.”

“ And shall I tell you why we fought well at the Hogue—you Dutch porpoise—just because we had no Dutchmen to help us.”

“ And shall I tell you why the Dutch were beat off this Head?—because the English wouldn’t come down to help us.”

Here Obadiah put his tongue into his right

cheek. Jansen in return threw his into his left, and thus the argument was finished. These disputes were constant at the time, but seldom proceeded further than words—certainly not between Coble and Jansen, who were great friends.

The boats were soon on board; from the time that the cutter had been hove to, every stroke of their oars having been accompanied with a nautical anathema from the crews upon the head of their commander. The steersman and first officer, who had charge of the boats, came over the gangway and went up to Vanslyperken. He was a thickset, stout man, about five feet four inches high, and, wrapped up in Flushing garments, looked very much like a bear in shape as well as in skin. His name was Dick Short, and in every respect he answered to his name, for he was short in stature, short in speech, and short in decision and action.

Now when Short came up to the lieutenant, he did not consider it at all necessary to say as usual, "Come on board, sir," for it was self-

evident that he had come on board. He therefore said nothing. So abrupt was he in his speech, that he never even said "Sir," when he spoke to his superior, which it may be imagined was very offensive to Mr. Vanslyperken : so it was, but Mr. Vanslyperken was afraid of Short, and Short was not the least afraid of Vanslyperken.

"Well, what have you done, Short?"

"Nothing."

"Did you see anything of the boat?"

"No."

"Did you gain any information?"

"No."

"What have you been doing all night?"

"Pulling."

"Did you land to obtain information?"

"Yes."

"And you got none?"

"No."

Here Short hitched up the waistband of his second pair of trousers, turned short round, and was going below, when Snarley yow smelt at his heels. The man gave him a back kick

with the heel of his heavy boot, which sent the dog off yelping and barking, and put Mr. Vanslyperken in a great rage. Not venturing to resent this affront upon his first officer, he was reminded of Smallbones, and immediately sent for Corporal Van Spitter to appear on deck.

CHAPTER IV.

In which there is a desperate combat.

EVEN at this period of the English history, it was the custom to put a few soldiers on board of the vessels of war, and the Yungfrau cutter had been supplied with a corporal and six men, all of whom were belonging to the Dutch marine. To a person who was so unpopular as Mr. Vanslyperken, this little force was a great protection, and both Corporal Van Spitter and his corps were well treated by him. The corporal was his purser and purveyor, and had a very good berth of it, for he could cheat as well as his commandant. He was, moreover, his prime minister, and an obedient executer of all his tyranny, for

Corporal Van Spitter was without a shadow of feeling—on the contrary, he had pleasure in administering punishment; and if Vanslyperken had told him to blow any man's brains out belonging to the vessel, Van Spitter would have immediately obeyed the order without the change of a muscle in his fat, florid countenance. The corporal was an enormous man, tall, and so corpulent, that he weighed nearly twenty stone. Jansen was the only one who could rival him; he was quite as tall as the corporal, and as powerful, but he had not the extra weight of his carcass.

About five minutes after the summons, the huge form of Corporal Van Spitter was seen to emerge slowly from the hatchway, which appeared barely wide enough to admit the egress of his broad shoulders. He had a flat foraging cap on his head, which was as large as a buffalo's, and his person was clothed in blue pantaloons, tight at the ankle, rapidly increasing in width as they ascended, until they diverged at the hips to an expanse which was something between the sublime and the

ridiculous. The upper part of his body was cased in a blue jacket, with leaden buttons, stamped with the rampant lion, with a little tail behind, which was shoved up in the air by the protuberance of the parts. Having gained the deck, he walked to Vanslyperken, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead.

“Corporal Van Spitter, get your cats up for punishment, and when you are ready fetch up Smallbones.”

Whereupon, without reply, Corporal Van Spitter put his left foot behind the heel of his right, and by this manœuvre turned his body round like a capstern, so as to bring his face forward, and then walked off in that direction. He soon re-appeared with all the necessary implements of torture, laid them down on one of the lee guns, and again departed to seek out his victim.

After a short time, a scuffle was heard below, but it was soon over, and once more appeared the corporal with the spare, tall body of Smallbones under his arm. He held

him, grasped by the middle part, about where Smallbones' stomach ought to have been, and the head and heels of the poor wretch both hung down perpendicularly, and knocked together as the corporal proceeded aft.

As soon as Van Spitter had arrived at the gun he laid down his charge, who neither moved nor spoke. He appeared to have resigned himself to the fate which awaited him, and made no resistance when he was stripped by one of the marines, and stretched over the gun. The men, who were on deck, said nothing; they looked at each other expressively as the preparations were made. Flogging a lad like Smallbones was too usual an occurrence to excite surprise, and to show their disgust would have been dangerous. Smallbones' back was now bared, and miserable was the spectacle; the shoulder-blades protruded, so that you might put your hand sideways under the scapula, and every bone of the vertebræ, and every process was clearly defined through the skin of the poor skeleton. The punishment commenced, and the lad received

his three dozen without a murmur, the measured sound of the lash only being broken in upon by the baying of Snarley yow, who occasionally would have flown at the victim, had he not been kept off by one of the marines. During the punishment, Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck, and turned and turned again as before.

Smallbones was then cast loose by the corporal, who was twirling up his cat, when Snarley yow, whom the marine had not watched, ran up to the lad, and inflicted a severe bite. Smallbones, who appeared, at the moment, to be faint and lifeless—not having risen from his knees after the marine had thrown his shirt over him, roused by this new attack, appeared to spring into life and energy; he jumped up, uttered a savage yell, and to the astonishment of every body, threw himself upon the dog as he retreated, and holding him fast with his naked arms, met the animal with his own weapons, attacking him with a frenzied resolution with his teeth. Everybody started back at this unusual conflict, and no one interfered.

Long was the struggle, and such was the savage energy of the lad, that he bit and held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, tearing the lips of the animal, his ears, and burying his face in the dog's throat, as his teeth were firmly fixed on his windpipe. The dog could not escape, for Smallbones held him like a vice. At last, the dog appeared to have the advantage, for as they rolled over and over, he caught the lad by the side of the neck ; but Smallbones recovered himself, and getting the foot of Snarley yow between his teeth, the dog threw up his head and howled for succour. Mr. Vanslyperken rushed to his assistance, and struck Smallbones a heavy blow on the head with his speaking trumpet, which stunned him, and he let go his hold.

Short, who had come on deck, perceiving this, and that the dog was about to resume the attack, saluted Snarley yow with a kick on his side, which threw him down the hatchway, which was about three yards off from where the dog was at the time.

“ How dare you strike my dog, Mr. Short ? ” cried Vanslyperken.

Short did not condescend to answer, but went to Smallbones and raised his head. The lad revived. He was terribly bitten about the face and neck, and what with the wounds in front, and the lashing from the cat, presented a melancholy spectacle.

Short called some of the men to take Smallbones below, in which act they readily assisted; they washed him all over with salt water, and the smarting from his various wounds brought him to his senses. He was then put in his hammock.

Vanslyperken and the corporal looked at each other during the time that Short was giving his directions—neither interfered. The lieutenant was afraid, and the corporal waited for orders. So soon as the men had carried the lad below, Corporal Van Spitter put his hand up to his foraging cap, and with his cat and seizings under his arm, went down below. As for Vanslyperken, his wrath was even greater than before, and with hands thrust even further down in his pockets than ever, and the speaking-trumpet now battered flat

with the blow which he had administered to Smallbones, he walked up-and-down, muttering every two minutes, "I'll keel-haul the scoundrel, by heavens ! I'll teach him to bite my dog."

Snarley yow did not re-appear on deck ; he had received such punishment as he did not expect. He licked the wounds where he could get at them, and then remained in the cabin in a sort of perturbed slumber, growling every minute as if he were fighting the battle over again in his sleep.

CHAPTER V.

A consultation in which there is much mutiny.

THIS consultation was held upon the forecastle of his Majesty's cutter Yungfrau, on the evening after the punishment of Smallbones. The major part of the crew attended ; all but the Corporal Van Spitter, who, on these points, was known to split with the crew, and his six marines, who formed the corporal's tail, at which they were always to be found. The principal personage was not the most eloquent speaker, for it was Dick Short, who was supported by Obadiah Coble, Yack Jansen, and another personage, whom we must introduce, the boatswain or boatswain's mate of the cutter ; for although he received the title of

the former, he only received the pay of the latter. This person's real name was James Salisbury, but for reasons which will be explained he was invariably addressed or spoken of as Jemmy Ducks. He was indeed a very singular variety of human discrepancy as to form : he was handsome in face, with a manly countenance, fierce whiskers and long pigtail, which on him appeared more than unusually long, as it descended to within a foot of the deck. His shoulders were square, chest expanded, and, as far as half-way down, that is, to where the legs are inserted into the human frame, he was a fine, well-made, handsome, well-proportioned man. But what a falling off was there !—for some reason, some accident, it is supposed, in his infancy, his legs had never grown in length since he was three years old : they were stout as well as his body, but not more than eighteen inches from the hip to the heel ; and he consequently waddled about a very ridiculous figure, for he was like a man *razed* or cut down. Put him on an eminence of a couple of feet, and not

see his legs, and you would say at a distance, "What a fine looking sailor!" but let him get down and walk up to you, and you would find that nature had not finished what she had so well begun, and that you are exactly half mistaken. This malconformation below did not, however, affect his strength, it rather added to it; and there were but few men in the ship who would venture a wrestle with the boatswain, who was very appropriately distinguished by the cognomen of Jemmy Ducks. Jemmy was a sensible, merry fellow, and a good seaman: you could not affront him by any jokes on his figure, for he would joke with you. He was indeed the fiddle of the ship's company, and he always played the fiddle to them when they danced, on which instrument he was no mean performer; and, moreover, accompanied his voice with his instrument when he sang to them after they were tired of dancing. We shall only observe that Jemmy was a married man, and he had selected one of the tallest of the other sex: of her beauty the less that is said the better—Jemmy did not look to that, or

perhaps, at such a height, her face did not appear so plain to him as it did to those who were more on a level with it. The effect of perspective is well known, and even children now have as playthings, castles, &c. laid down on card, which, when looked at in a proper direction, appear just as correct as they do preposterous when lying flat before you.

Now it happened that from the level that Jemmy looked up from to his wife's face, her inharmonious features were all in harmony, and thus did she appear—what is very advantageous in the marriage state—perfection to her husband, without sufficient charms in the eyes of others to induce them to seduce her from her liege lord. Moreover, let it be recollected, that what Jemmy *wanted* was *height*, and he had gained what he required in his wife, if not in his own person: his wife was passionately fond of him, and very jealous, which was not to be wondered at, for, as she said, “there never was such a husband before or since.”

We must now return to the conference,

observing, that all these parties were sitting down on the deck, and that Jemmy Ducks had his fiddle in his hand, holding it with the body downwards like a bass viol, for he always played it in that way, and that he occasionally fingered the strings, pinching them as you do a guitar, so as to send the sound of it aft, that Mr. Vanslyperken might suppose that they were all met for mirth. Two or three had their eyes directed aft, that the appearance of Corporal Van Spitter or the marines might be immediately perceived; for, although the corporal was not a figure to slide into a conference unperceived, it was well known that he was an eavesdropper.

“One thing’s sartain,” observed Coble, “that a dog’s not an officer.”

“No,” replied Dick Short.

“He’s not on the ship’s books, so I can’t see how it can be mutiny.”

“No,” rejoined Short.

“Mein Got—he is not a tog, he is te tyfel,” observed Jansen.

“Who knows how he came into the cutter?”

“There’s a queer story about that,” said one of the men.

Tum tum, tumty tum—said the fiddle of Jemmy Ducks, as if it took part in the conference.

“That poor boy will be killed if things go on this way: the skipper will never be content till he has driven his soul out of his body—poor creature; only look at him as he lies in his hammock.”

“I never seed a Christian such an object,” said one of the sailors.

“If the dog aint killed, Bones will be, that’s sartain,” observed Coble, “and I don’t see why the preference should be given to a human individual, although the dog is the skipper’s dog—now then, what d’ye say, my lads?”

Tum tum, tum tum, tumty tumty tum, replied the fiddle.

“Let’s hang him at once.”

“No,” replied Short.

Jansen took out his snickerree, looked at Short, and made a motion with the knife, as if passing it across the dog’s throat.

“No,” replied Short.

“Let’s launch him overboard at night,” said one of the men.

“But how is one to get the brute out of the cabin?” said Coble; “if it’s done at all it must be done by day.”

Short nodded his head.

“I will give him a launch the first opportunity,” observed Jemmy Ducks, “only—(continued he in a measured and lower tone)—I should first like to know whether he really *is* a dog or *not*.”

“A tog is a tog,” observed Jansen.

“Yes,” replied one of the forecastle men, “we all know a dog is a dog, but the question is—is *this* dog a dog?”

Here there was a pause, which Jemmy Ducks filled up by again touching the strings of his fiddle.

The fact was, that, although every one of the sailors wished the dog was overboard, there was not one who wished to commit the deed, not on account of the fear of its being discovered who was the party by Mr. Vanslyperken,

but because there was a great deal of superstition among them. It was considered unlucky to throw any dog or animal overboard; but the strange stories told about the way in which Snarley yow first made his appearance in the vessel, added to the peculiarly diabolical temper of the animal, had often been the theme of midnight conversation, and many of them were convinced that it was an imp of Satan lent to Vanslyperken, and that, to injure or to attempt to destroy it would infallibly be followed up with terrible consequences to the party, if not to the vessel and all the crew. Even Short, Coble, and Jansen, who were the boldest and leading men, although when their sympathies were roused by the sufferings of poor Smallbones they were anxious to revenge him, had their own misgivings, and, on consideration, did not like to have anything to do with the business. But each of them kept their reflections to themselves, for, if they could not combat, they were too proud to acknowledge them.

The reader will observe that all their plans were immediately put an end to until this

important question, and not a little difficult one, was decided—Was the dog a dog?

Now, although the story had often been told, yet, as the crew of the cutter had been paid off since the animal had been brought on board, there was no man in the ship who could positively detail, from his own knowledge, the facts connected with his first appearance—there was only tradition, and, to solve this question, to tradition they were obliged to repair.

“Now, Bill Spurey,” said Coble, “you know more about this matter than any one, so just spin us the yarn, and then we shall be able to talk the matter over soberly.”

“Well,” replied Bill Spurey, “you shall have it just as I got it word for word, as near as I can recollect. You know I wasn’t in the craft when the thing came on board, but Joe Geary was, and it was one night when we were boozing over a stiff glass at the new shop there, the Orange Boven, as they call it, at the Pint at Portsmouth—and so you see, falling in with him, I wished to learn something about my new skipper, and what sort of a chap I

should have to deal with. When I learnt all about *him*, I'd half-a-dozen minds to shove off again, but then I was adrift, and so I thought better of it. It won't do to be nice in peace times you know, my lads, when all the big ships are rotting in Southampton and Cinque Port muds. Well, then, what he told me I recollect as well—ay, every word of it—as if he had whispered it into my ear but this minute. It was a blustering night, with a dirty south-wester, and the chafing of the harbour waves was thrown up in foams, which the winds swept up the street, they chasing one another as if they were boys at play. It was about two bells in the middle watch, and after our fifth glass, that Joe Geary said as this :

“ It was one dark winter's night when we were off the 'Texel, blowing terribly, with the coast under our lee, clawing off under storm canvass, and fighting with the elements for every inch of ground, a hand in the chains, for we had nothing but the lead to trust to, and the vessel so flogged by the waves, that he

was lashed to the rigging, that he might not be washed away ; all of a sudden the wind came with a blast loud enough for the last trump, and the waves roared till they were hoarser than ever ; away went the vessel's mast, although there was no more canvass on it than a jib pocket-handkerchief, and the craft rolled and tossed in the deep troughs for all the world like a wicked man dying in despair ; and then she was a wreck, with nothing to help us but God Almighty, fast borne down upon the sands which the waters had disturbed, and were dashing about until they themselves were weary of the load ; and all the seamen cried unto the Lord, as well they might.

“ Now, they say, that *he* did not cry as they did, like men and Christians, to Him who made them and the waters which surrounded and threatened them ; for Death was then in all his glory, and the foaming crests of the waves were as plumes of feathers to his skeleton head beneath them ; but he cried like a child—

and swore terribly as well as cried—talking about his money, his dear money, and not caring about his more precious soul.

“And the cutter was borne down, every wave pushing her with giant force nearer and nearer to destruction, when the man at the chains shrieked out—‘Mark three, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!’ and all the crew, when they heard this, cried out—‘Lord, save us, or we perish.’ But still they thought that their time was come, for the breaking waves were under their lee, and the yellow waters told them that, in a few minutes, the vessel, and all who were on board, would be shivered in fragments; and some wept and some prayed as they clung to the bulwarks of the unguided vessel, and others in a few minutes thought over their whole life, and waited for death in silence. But *he*, he did all; he cried, and he prayed, and he swore, and he was silent, and at last he became furious and frantic; and when the men said again and again, ‘The Lord save us!’ he roared out at last, “Will the *devil* help us, for——” In a

moment, before these first words were out of his mouth, there was a flash of lightning, that appeared to strike the vessel, but it harmed her not, neither did any thunder follow the flash; but a ball of blue flame pitched upon the knight heads, and then came bounding and dancing aft to the taffrail, where *he* stood alone, for the men had left him to blaspheme by himself. Some say he was heard to speak, as if in conversation, but no one knows what passed. Be it as it may, on a sudden he walked forward as brave as could be, and was followed by this creature, who carried his head and tail slouching, as he does now.

“ And the dog looked up and gave one deep bark, and as soon as he had barked the wind appeared to lull—he barked again twice, and there was a dead calm—he barked again thrice, and the seas went down—and *he* patted the dog on the head, and the animal then bayed loud for a minute or two, and then, to the astonishment and fear of all, instead of the vessel being within a cable’s length of the Texel sands in a heavy gale, and without hope, the Foreland

lights were but two miles on our beam with a clear sky and smooth water."

The seaman finished his legend, and there was a dead silence for a minute or two, broken first by Jansen, who in a low voice said, "Then te tog is not a tog."

"No," replied Coble, "an imp sent by the devil to his follower in distress."

"Yes," said Short.

"Well, but," said Jemmy Ducks, who for some time had left off touching the strings of his fiddle, "it would be the work of a good Christian to kill the brute."

"It's not a mortal animal, Jemmy."

"True, I forgot that."

"Gifen by de tyfel," observed Jansen.

"Ay, and christened by him too," continued Coble. "Who ever heard any Christian brute with such a damnable name?"

"Well, what's to be done?"

"Why," replied Jemmy Ducks, "at all events, imp o' Satan or not, that ere Small-bones fought him to-day with his own weapons."

“ And beat him too,” said Coble.

“ Yes,” said Short.

“ Now, it’s my opinion, that Smallbones ar’n’t afraid of him,” continued Jemmy Ducks, “ and devil or no devil, he’ll kill him if he can.”

“ He’s the proper person to do it,” replied Coble; “ the more so, as you may say that he’s his *natural* enemy.”

“ Yes, mein Got, de poy is de man,” said Jansen.

“ We’ll put him up to it at all events, as soon as he is out of his hammock,” rejoined Jemmy Ducks.

A little more conversation took place, and then it was carried unanimously that Smallbones should destroy the animal, if it was possible to destroy it.

The only party who was not consulted was Smallbones himself, who lay fast asleep in his hammock. The consultation then broke up, and they all went below.

CHAPTER VI.

In which, as often happens at sea when signals are not made out, friends exchange broadsides.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the precautions of the party on the forecastle, this consultation had been heard by no less a person than the huge Corporal Van Spitter, who had an idea that there was some mystery going on forward, and had contrived to crawl up under the bulwark, and throw himself down on the forestaysail, which lay between two of the guns. Having so done without being perceived, for it was at the very moment that the party were all listening to Bill Spurey's legend of the dog's first appearance on board, he threw a part of the sail over his fat carcass, and thus remained

undiscovered during the remainder of the colloquy. He heard them all descending below, and remained still quiet, till he imagined that the forecastle was clear. In the meantime Mr. Vanslyperken, who had been walking the deck abaft, unaccompanied by his faithful attendant, (for Snarley yow remained coiled up on his master's bed,) was meditating deeply how to gratify the two most powerful passions in our nature, love and revenge: at one moment thinking of the fat fair Vandersloosh, and of hauling in her guilders, at another reverting to the starved Smallbones and the comfort of a keel-hauling. The long conference on the forecastle had not been unperceived by the hawk's eye of the lieutenant, and as they descended, he walked forward to ascertain if he could not pick up some straggler who, unsupported by his comrades, might be induced by fear to acquaint him with the subject of the discussion. Now, just as Mr. Vanslyperken came forward Corporal Van Spitter had removed the canvass from his body, and was about to rise from

his bed, when he perceived somebody coming forward. Not making it out to be the lieutenant, he immediately dropped down again and drew the canvass over him. Mr. Vanslyperken perceived this manœuvre, and thought he had now caught one of the conspirators, and, moreover, one who showed such fear as to warrant the supposition that he should be able to extract from him the results of the night's unusually long conference.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked up to where the corporal lay as quiet, but not quite so small, as a mouse. It occurred to Mr. Vanslyperken that a little taste of punishment *in esse* would very much assist the threats of what might be received *in posse*; so he laid aside his speaking-trumpet, looked round, picked up a handspike, and raising it above his head, down it came, with all the force of the lieutenant's arm, upon Corporal Van Spitter, whose carcass resounded like a huge kettle-drum.

“Tunder and flame,” roared the corporal under the canvass, thinking that one of the seamen, having discovered him eaves-dropping,

had thus wreaked his revenge, taking advantage of his being covered up, and pretending not to know him. “Tunder and flame!” roared the corporal, muffled up in the canvass, and trying to extricate himself; but his voice was not recognised by the lieutenant, and, before he could get clear of his envelope, the handspike had again descended; when up rose the corporal, like a buffalo out of his muddy lair, half blinded by the last blow, which had fallen on his head, ran full butt at the lieutenant, and precipitated his senior officer and commander headlong down the fore-hatchway.

Vanslyperken fell with great force, was stunned, and lay without motion at the foot of the ladder, while the corporal, whose wrath was always excessive when his blood was up, but whose phlegmatic blood could not be raised without some such decided stimulus as a handspike, now turned round and round the fore-castle, like a bull looking for his assailants; but the corporal had the fore-castle all to himself, and, as he gradually cooled down, he saw lying close to him the speaking-trumpet of his senior officer.

“Tousand tyfels,” murmured Corporal Van Spitter, “but it must have been the skipper. Got for damn, dis is hanging matter!” Corporal Van Spitter was as cool as a cucumber as soon as he observed what a mistake he had made; in fact, he quivered and trembled in his fat. “But then,” thought he, “perhaps he did not know me—no, he could not, or he never would have handspiked *me*.” So Corporal Van Spitter walked down the hatchway, where he ascertained that his commandant lay insensible. “Dat is good,” thought he, and he went aft, lighted his lanthorn, and, as a *ruse*, knocked at the cabin-door. Receiving no answer but the growl of Snarley yow, he went in, and then ascended to the quarter-deck, looked round him, and inquired of the man at the wheel where Mr. Vanslyperken might be. The man replied that he had gone forward a few minutes before, and thither the corporal proceeded. Of course, not finding him, he returned, telling the man that the skipper was not in the cabin or the forecastle, and wondering where he could be. He then descended to the next officer in command, Dick Short, and called him.

“ Well,” said Short.

“ Can’t find Mr. Vanslyperken anywhere,” said the corporal.

“ Look,” replied Dick, turning round in his hammock.

“ Mein Got, I have looked de forecastle, de quarter-deck, and de cabin,—he not anywhere.”

“ Overboard,” replied Dick.

“ I come to you, sir, to make inquiry,” said the corporal.

“ Turn out,” said Dick, suiting the action to the words, and lighting with his feet on the deck in his shirt.

While Short was dressing himself, the corporal summoned up all his marines ; and the noise occasioned by this turn out, and the conversation overheard by those who were awake, soon gave the crew of the cutter to understand that some accident had happened to their commander. Even Smallbones had it whispered in his ear that Mr. Vanslyperken had fallen overboard, and he smiled as he lay in the dark, smarting with his wounds, muttering to himself that Snarley yow should soon follow his master.

By the time that Short was on the quarter-deck, Corporal Van Spitter, who knew very well where to look for it, had, very much to the disappointment of the crew, found the body of Mr. Vanslyperken, and the marines had brought it aft to the cabin, and would have laid it on the bed, had not Snarley yow, who had no feeling in his composition, positively denied its being put there.

Short came down and examined his superior officer.

“Is he dead?” inquired the corporal with alarm.

“No,” replied Short.

“Vat can it be then?” said the corporal.

“Stunned,” replied Short.

“Mein Got! how could it happen?”

“Tumbled,” replied Short.

“What shall we do, sir?” rejoined the corporal.

“Bed,” replied Short, turning on his heel, and a minute after turning into his hammock.

“Mein Got, the dog will not let him go to bed,” exclaimed the corporal.

“Let’s put him in,” said one of the marines, “the dog won’t bite his master.”

So the marines lifted up the still insensible Mr. Vanslyperken, and almost tossed him into his standing bed-place, right on the body of the snarling dog, who, as soon as he could disengage himself from the weight, revenged himself by making his teeth meet more than once through the lanthorn cheek of his master, and then leaping off the bed, retreated growling under the table.

“Well, you *are* a nice dog,” exclaimed one of the marines, looking after Snarley yow in his retreat.

Now, there was no medical assistance on board so small a vessel. Mr. Vanslyperken was allowed a small quantity of medicine, unguents, &c., but these he always sold to an apothecary, as soon as he had procured them from the authorities. The teeth of the dog had, however, their effect, and Mr. Vanslyperken opened his eyes, and in a faint voice cried “Snarley yow.” Oh, if the dog had any spark of feeling, how must he then have been stung with

remorse at his ingratitude to so kind a master ! But he apparently showed none, at least, report does not say that any symptoms were manifest.

After a little burnt oakum had excoriated his nose, and a certain quantity of the cold salt-water from alongside had wetted through his bed-clothes, Mr. Vanslyperken was completely recovered, and was able to speak and look about him. Corporal Van Spitter trembled a little as his commandant fixed his eyes upon him, and he redoubled his attention.

“Mein Got, Mynheer Vanslyperken, how was this happen?” exclaimed the corporal in a pathetic tone. Whereupon Mr. Vanslyperken ordered every one to leave the cabin but Corporal Van Spitter.

Mr. Vanslyperken then communicated to the corporal that he had been knocked down the hatchway by one of the men when he went forward ; that he could not distinguish who it was, but thought that it must have been Jansen from his size. Corporal Van Spitter, delighted to find that his skipper was on a wrong scent, expressed his opinion in corroboration of the

lieutenant's : after which a long consultation took place relative to mutiny, disaffection, and the proper measures to be taken. Vanslyperken mentioned the consultation of the men during the first watch, and the corporal, to win his favour, was very glad to be able to communicate the particulars of what he had overheard, stating that he had concealed himself for that purpose.

“And where did you conceal yourself?” said Vanslyperken with a keen inquiring look : for it immediately occurred to him that, unless it was under the sail, there could be no concealment for such a huge body as that of the corporal ; and he had his misgivings. But the corporal very adroitly observed, that he stood at the lower step of the fore-ladder, with his head level with the coombings ; and had, by this means, overheard the conversation unperceived, and had only walked away when the party broke up. This restored the confidence of Mr. Vanslyperken, and a long discussion took place, in which it was agreed between them, that the only way to prevent Snarley yow from being

destroyed, was to try some means to make away quietly with poor Smallbones. But this part of the conversation was not carried to any length: for Mr. Vanslyperken, indignant at having received such injury in his face from his ungrateful cur, did not, at that moment, feel the current of his affection run so strong as usual in that direction. After this, the corporal touched his hat, swung round to the right about in military style, and left the cabin.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken goes on shore to woo the Widow Vandersloosh.

THREE weeks of comparative calm now passed away, during which Mr. Vanslyperken recovered of his wounds and accident, and meditated how he should make away with Smallbones. The latter also recovered of his bites, and meditated how he should make away with Snarleyyow. Smallbones had returned to his avocations, and Vanslyperken, intending mischief, treated him more kindly, as a blind. Snarleyyow also, not forgetting his defeat on the quarter-deck, did not renew his attacks, even when the poor lad helped himself to biscuit.

The Yungfrau anchored in the Downs, and

Mr. Vanslyperken received despatches for the Hague; King William having written some letters to his friends, and sent over to them a little English money, which he knew would be acceptable; for continental kings on the English throne have never appeared to have a clear sense of the honour conferred upon them. England, in their ideas, has always been a *parvenue* kingdom; her nobles not able to trace farther back than the Conquest; while, in their country, the lowest baron will prove his sixteen quarters, and his descent from the darkest ages. But, nevertheless, upon the same principle that the poor aristocracy will condescend to unite themselves occasionally to city wealth, so have these potentates condescended to reign over us.

Mr. Vanslyperken received his despatches, and made the best of his way to Amsterdam, where he anchored, delivered his credentials, and there waited for the letters of thanks from his Majesty's cousins.

But what a hurry and bustle there appears to be on board of the Yungfrau—Smallbones here, Smallbones there—Corporal Van Spitter push-

ing to and fro with the dog-trot of an elephant ; and even Snarley yow appears to be unusually often up and down the hatchway. What can it all be about ? Oh ! Mr. Vanslyperken is going on shore to pay his respects, and continue his addresses, to the widow Vandersloosh. His boat is manned alongside, and he now appears on the cutter's quarter-deck.

Is it possible that this can be Mr. Vanslyperken ? Heavens, how gay ! An uniform certainly does wonders with some people : that is to say, those who do not look well in plain clothes are invariably improved by it ; while those, who look most like gentlemen in plain clothes, lose in the same proportion. At all events Mr. Vanslyperken is wonderfully improved.

He has a loose pair of blue pantaloons, with boots rising above his knees pulled over them : his lower parts remind you of Charles the Twelfth. He has a long scarlet waistcoat, with large gilt buttons and flap pockets, and his uniform coat over all, of blue turned up with red, has a very commanding appearance. To a broad black belt over his shoulder hangs his

cutlass, the sheath of which is mounted with silver, and the hilt of ivory and gold threads; and, above all, his small head is almost dignified by being surmounted with a three-cornered turned-up and gold-banded cocked hat, with one corner of the triangle in front parallel with his sharp nose. Surely the widow must strike her colours to scarlet, and blue, and gold. But although women are said, like mackarel, to take such baits, still widows are not fond of a man who is as thin as a herring: they are too knowing, they prefer stamina, and will not be persuaded to take the shadow for the substance.

Mr. Vanslyperken was, nevertheless, very well pleased with himself, which was something, but still not quite enough on the present occasion; and he strutted the deck with great complacency, gave his final orders to Dick Short, who, as usual, gave a short answer; also to Corporal Van Spitter, who, as usual, received them with all military honour; and, lastly, to Smallbones, who received them with all humility. The lieutenant was about to step into the boat, when a doubt arose, and he

stopped in his advance, perplexed. It was one of no small importance—was Snarley yow to accompany him or not? That was the knotty question, and it really was a case which required some deliberation. If he left him on board after the conspiracy which had been formed against him, the dog would probably be overboard before he returned; that is, if Smallbones were also left on board; for Mr. Vanslyperken knew that it had been decided that Smallbones alone could and should destroy the dog. He could not, therefore, leave the dog on board with safety; and, as for taking him on shore with him, in that there was much danger, for the widow Vandersloosh had set her face against the dog. No wonder: he had behaved in her parlour as bad as the dog Crab in the Two Gentlemen of Verona; and the Frau was a very clean person, and had no fancy for dogs comparing their legs with those of her polished mahogany chairs and tables. If Mr. Vanslyperken's suit was to be decided according to the old adage, "love me, love my dog," he certainly had but a poor chance; for the

widow detested the cur, and had insisted that it should never be brought into her house. Take the dog on shore, therefore, he could not; but, thought Mr. Vanslyperken, I can take Smallbones on shore, that will do as well. I have some biscuit to dispose of, and he shall go with it and wait till I come off again. Smallbones was, therefore, ordered to put on his hat and step into the boat with two half bags of biscuit to carry up to the widow's house, for she did a little business with Mr. Vanslyperken, as well as allowing him to make love to her; and was never so sweet or so gracious, as when closing a bargain. So Mr. Vanslyperken waited for Smallbones, who was soon ready, for his best consisted only in a pair of shoes to his usually naked feet, and a hat for his generally uncovered head. And Mr. Vanslyperken, and Smallbones, and the biscuit, were in the boat, when Snarley yow intimated his intention to join the party; but this was refused, and the boat shoved off without him.

As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken had shoved

off, Dick Short, being in command, thought he might as well give himself leave, and go on shore also. So he went down, put on his best, and ordered the other boat to be manned, and leaving Obadiah Coble on board as the next officer, he took with him Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and four or five others, to have a cruise. Now, as Snarley yow had this time made up his mind that he would go on shore, and Short was willing to indulge him, for he knew that Smallbones, if he fell in with him, would do his best to launch him into one of the canals, so convenient in every street, the cur was permitted to get into the boat, and was landed with the rest of the party, who, as usual, repaired to the Lust Haus of the widow Vandersloosh; where we must leave them for the present, and return to our friend, Mr. Vanslyperken.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which the Widow lays a trap for Mr. Vanslyperken, and Smallbones lays a trap for Snarleyyow, and both bag their game.

The widow Vandersloosh, as we have informed the reader, was the owner of a Lust Haus, or pleasure-house for sailors: we will describe that portion of her tenements more particularly by-and bye: at present, we must advert to her own private house, which stood adjoining, and had a communication with the Lust Haus by a private door through the party wall. This was a very small, snug little habitation, with one window in each front, and two stories high; containing a front parlour and kitchen on the basement, two small rooms on the first,

and two on the second floor. Nothing could be better arranged for a widow's residence. Moreover, she had a back-yard running the whole length of the wall of the Lust Haus in the rear, with convenient offices, and a back-door into the street behind.

Mr. Vanslyperken had arrived, paid his humble devoirs to the widow, more humble, because he was evidently pleased with his own person, and had been followed by Smallbones, who laid the biscuit by the scraper at the door, watching it as in duty bound. The lieutenant imagined that he was more graciously received than usual. Perhaps he was, for the widow had not had so much custom lately, and was glad the crew of the cutter were arrived to spend their money. Already had Vanslyperken removed his sword and belt, and laid them with his three-cornered laced hat on the side-table; he was already cosily, as of wont, seated upon the widow's little fubsy sofa, with the lady by his side, and he had just taken her hand and was about to renew his suit, to pour forth the impromptu effusions of his

heart, concocted on the quarter-deck of the Yungfrau, when who should bolt into the parlour but the unwelcome Snarley yow.

“O that nasty brute! Mynheer Vanslyperken, how dare you bring him into my house?” cried the widow, jumping up from the sofa, with her full-moon-face red with anger.

“Indeed, widow,” replied Vanslyperken, “I left him on board, knowing that you were not fond of animals; but some one has brought him on shore. However, I’ll find out who it was, and keelhaul him in honour of your charms.”

“I am fond of animals, Mr. Vanslyperken, but I am not fond of such animals as that—such a filthy, ugly, disagreeable, snarling brute; nor can I think how you can keep him after what I have said about it. It don’t prove much regard, Mr. Vanslyperken, when such a dog as that is kept on purpose to annoy me.”

“I assure you, widow——”

‘Don’t assure me, Mr. Vanslyperken,

there's no occasion—your dog is your own—but I'll thank you to take him out of this house; and, perhaps, as he won't go without you, you had better go with him."

Now the widow had never spoken so indignantly before: if the reader wishes to know why she did so now, we will acquaint him; the widow Vandersloosh had perceived Smallbones, who sat like Patience on a monument, upon the two half bags of biscuit before her porch. It was a query to the widow whether they were to be a present, or an article to be bargained for: it was therefore very advisable to pick a quarrel, that the matter might be cleared up. The widow's ruse met with all the success which it deserved. In the first place, Mr. Vanslyperken did what he never would have believed himself capable of, but the wrath of the widow had worked him also up to wrath, and he saluted Snarley yow with such a kick on the side, as to send him howling into the back-yard, followed him out, and, notwithstanding an attempt at defence on the part of the dog, which the lieutenant's high boots

rendered harmless, Snarley yow was fairly or unfairly, as you may please to think it, kicked into an outhouse, the door shut, and the key turned upon him. After which Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the parlour, where he found the widow, erect, with her back turned to the stove, blowing and bristling, her bosom heaving, reminding you of seas mountains high, as if she were still under the effect of a just resentment for the affront offered to her. There she stood waiting in all dignity for Mr. Vanslyperken to repair the injury done, whether unintentional or not. In few words, there she waited, for the *biscuit* to be presented to her. And it was presented, for Vanslyperken knew no other way of appeasing her wrath. Gradually the storm was allayed—the flush of anger disappeared, the corners of the scornfully-turned-down mouth, were turned up again—Cupid’s bow was no longer bent in anger, and the widow’s bosom slept as when the ocean sleeps, like “an unweaned child.” The biscuit bags were brought in by Smallbones, their contents stored, and harmony re-

stored. Once more was Mr. Vanslyperken upon the little sofa by the side of the fat widow, and once more did he take her melting hand. Alas! that her heart was not made of the same soft materials.

But we must not only leave Short and his companions in the Lust Haus, but the widow and the lieutenant in their soft dalliance, and now occupy ourselves with the two principal personages of this our drama, Smallbones and Snarley yow.

When Smallbones had retired, with the empty bread-bags under his arm, he remained some time reflecting at the porch, and then having apparently made up his mind, he walked to a chandler's shop just over the bridge of the canal opposite, and purchased a needle, some strong twine, and a red-herring. He also procured, "without purchase," as they say in our War Office Gazettes, a few pieces of stick. Having obtained all these, he went round to the door of the yard behind the widow's house, and let himself in. Little did Mr. Vanslyperken imagine what mischief was

brewing, while he was praising and drinking the beer of the widow's own brewing.

Smallbones had no difficulty in finding out where Snarley yow was confined, for the dog was very busy gnawing his way through the door, which, however, was a work of time, and not yet a quarter accomplished. The place had been a fowl-house, and, at the bottom of the door, there was a small hatch for the ingress and egress of these bipeds, the original invention of some thrifty spinster, to prevent the maids from stealing eggs. But this hatch was closed, or Snarley yow would have escaped through it. Smallbones took up his quarters in another out-house, that he might not be observed, and commenced his operations.

He first took out the bottom of one bread-bag, and then sewed that on the other to make it longer; he then ran a string through the mouth, so as to draw it close when necessary, and cut his sticks so as to support it and keep it open. All this being arranged, he went to where Snarley yow was busy gnawing wood with great pertinacity, and allowed him not only to

smell, but to tear off the tail of the red-herring, under the door ; and then gradually drew the herring along until he had brought it right under the hatch in the middle, which left it at the precise distance that the dog could snuff it but not reach it, which Snarley yow now did, in preference to gnawing wood. When you lay a trap, much depends upon the bait ; Smallbones knew his enemy's partiality for savoury comestibles. He then brought out his bag, set up his supporters, fixed it close to the hatch, and put the red-herring inside of it. With the string in one hand, he lifted up the hatch with the other. Snarley yow rushed out and rushed in, and in a moment the strings were drawn, and as soon as drawn were tied tight round the mouth of the bag. Snarley yow was caught ; he tumbled over and over, rolling now to the right and now to the left, while Smallbones grinned with delight. After amusing himself a short time with the evolutions of his prisoner, he dragged him in his bag into the outhouse where he had made his trap, shut the door, and left him. The next object was to remove any

suspicion on the part of Mr. Vanslyperken ; and to effect this, Smallbones tore off the hatch, and broke it in two or three pieces, bit parts of it with his own teeth, and laid them down before the door, making it appear as if the dog had gnawed his own way out. The reason for allowing the dog still to remain in prison, was that Smallbones dared not attempt anything further until it was dark, and there was yet an hour or more to wait for the close of the day.

Smallbones had but just finished his work in time ; for the widow having been summoned to her guests in the Lust Haus, had left Vanslyperken alone, and the lieutenant thought this a good opportunity to look after his four-footed favourite. He came out into the yard, where he found Smallbones, and he had his misgivings.

“ What are you doing here, sir ? ”

“ Waiting for you, sir,” replied Smallbones, humbly.

“ And the dog ? ” said Vanslyperken, observing the strewn fragments of the door hatch.

“ He’s a-bitten himself out, sir, I believe.”

“ And where is he, then ? ”

“ I don’t know, sir ; I suppose he’s gone down to the boat.”

Snarley yow hearing his master’s voice, had commenced a whine, and Smallbones trembled : fortunately, at that moment, the widow’s ample form appeared at the back-door of the house, and she called to Mr. Vanslyperken. The widow’s voice drowned the whine of the dog, and his master did not hear it. At the summons, Vanslyperken but half convinced, but not daring to show any interest about the animal in the presence of his mistress, returned to the parlour, and very soon the dog was forgotten.

But as the orgies in the Lust Haus increased, so did it become more necessary for the widow to make frequent visits there ; not only to supply her customers, but to restrain them by her presence ; and as the evening wore away, so did the absences of the widow become more frequent. This Vanslyperken well knew, and he therefore always pressed his suit in the afternoon, and as soon as it was dark returned

on board. Smallbones, who watched at the back door the movements of his master, perceived that he was refixing his sword-belt over his shoulder, and he knew this to be the signal for departure. It was now quite dark, he therefore hastened to the outhouse, and dragged out Snarley yow in the bag, swung him over his shoulder, and walked out of the yard-door, proceeded to the canal in front of the widow's house, looked round him, could perceive nobody, and then dragged the bag with its contents into the stagnant water below, just as Mr. Vanslyperken, who had bidden adieu to the widow, came out of the house. There was a heavy splash—and silence. Had such been heard on the shores of the Bosphorus on such a night, it would have told some tale of unhappy love and a husband's vengeance; but, at Amsterdam, it was nothing more than the drowning of a cur.

“Who's there—is it Smallbones?” said Mr. Vanslyperken.

“Yes, sir,” said Smallbones, with alarm.

“What was that noise I heard?”

“ Noise, sir? Oh, I kicked a paving-stone into the canal.”

“ And don’t you know there is heavy fine for that, you scoundrel? And pray where are the bread-bags?”

“ The bread-bags, sir? Oh, Mr. Short took them to tie up some vegetables in them.”

“ Mr. Short! O, very well. Come along, sir, and no more throwing stones into the canal; why you might have killed somebody—there is a boat down there now, I hear the people talking.” And Mr. Vanslyperken hastened to his boat, which was waiting for him; anxious to ascertain if Snarley yow, as he fully expected, was in it. But to his grief and disappointment he was not there, and Mr. Vanslyperken sat in the stern sheets, in no pleasant humour, thinking whether it was or was not a paving-stone which Smallbones had thrown into the canal, and resolving that if the dog did not appear, Smallbones should be keelhauled. There was, however, one more chance, the dog might have been taken on board.

CHAPTER IX.

A long chapter, in which there is lamentation, singing, bibbling, and dancing.

It may readily be supposed, that the first question asked by Mr. Vanslyperken, on his gaining the quarter-deck, was, if Snarleyow were on board. He was received with the military salute of Corporal Van Spitter, for Obadiah Coble, having been left commanding officer, had given himself leave, and, with a few men, had joined Bob Short and the first party at the Lust Haus, leaving the corporal as the next senior officer in charge. The answer in the negative was a great mortification to Mr. Vanslyperken, and he descended to his cabin in no very good humour, and summoned Small-

bones. But before Smallbones was summoned, he had time to whisper to one or two of the conspirators—" *He's gone.*" It was enough ; in less than a minute the whisper was passed throughout the cutter. "He's gone," was siffilated above and below, until it met the ears of even Corporal Van Spitter, who had it from a marine, who had it from another marine, who had it from a seaman, who—but it was, however, soon traced up to Smallbones by the indefatigable corporal—who considered it his duty to report the report to Mr. Vanslyperken. Accordingly he descended to the cabin and knocked for admission.

In the meantime Vanslyperken had been venting his ill-humour upon Smallbones, having, as he took off from his person, and replaced in his drawers, his unusual finery, administered an unusual quantity of kicks, as well as a severe blow on the head with his sheathed cutlass to the unfortunate lad, who repeated to himself, by way of consolation, the magic words — "*He's gone.*"

"If you please, sir," said Corporal Van

Spitter, "I've discovered from the ship's company that the dog *is gone*."

"I know that, corporal," replied Vanslyperken.

"And, sir, the report has been traced to Smallbones."

"Indeed!—then it was you that said that the dog is gone—now, you villain, where is he?"

"If you please, I did say that the dog was gone, and so he is; but I didn't say that I knew where he was—no more I don't. He's runned away, and he'll be back to-morrow—I'm sure he will.

"Corporal Van Spitter, if the dog is not on board again by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, you will get all ready for keelhauling this scoundrel."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, delighted at having something to do in the way of punishment.

Smallbones made up a lachrymal face.

"It's very hard," said he; "suppose the dog has fallen into the canal, is that my fault?"

If he's a-gone to the bottom of the canal, that's no reason why I'm to be dragged under the bottom of the cutter."

"Yes, yes," replied Vanslyperken, "I'll teach you to throw paving-stones off the wharf. Leave the cabin, sir."

Smallbones, whose guilty conscience flew into his pallid face at the mention of the paving-stones, immediately made a hasty retreat; and Vanslyperken turned into his bed and dreamt of vengeance.

We must now return to the Lust Haus, and the party on shore; and our first task must be, to give the reader an idea of what a Lust Haus may be. It is, as its name imports, a resort for pleasure and amusement; and in this respect the Dutch are certainly very much in advance of the English, who have, in the pot-houses and low inns resorted to by seamen, no accommodation of the kind. There is barely room for Jack to foot it in a reel, the tap-room is so small; and as Jack is soon reeling after he is once on shore, it is a very great defect. Now, the Lust Haus is a room as large as an assembly-room in a

country-town, well lighted up with lamps and chandeliers, well warmed with stoves, where you have room to dance fifty reels at once, and still have plenty of accommodation at the chairs and tables ranged round on each side. At the end of the room is a raised chair, with a protecting railing, on which the musicians, to the number of seven or eight, are posted, and they continue during the evening to play when requested. The people of the Lust Haus furnish wine and spirits of every description, while cakes, nuts, walnuts, oranges, &c. are supplied from the baskets of numerous young women who hand them round, and press their customers to purchase. Police officers superintend these resorts to remove those who are violent, and interfere with the amusements of others. On the whole, it is a very gay scene, and is resorted to by seamen of all nations, with a sprinkling of those who are not sailors, but who like amusement, and there are plenty of females who are ready to dance with them, and to share their beer or grog. Be it further known, that there is a great deal of decorum in

a Lust Haus, particularly among the latter sex ; and altogether it is infinitely more rational and less debasing, than the low pot-houses of Portsmouth or Plymouth.

Such was the place of amusement kept by the Frau Vandersloosh, and in this large room had been seated, for some hours, Dick Short, Coble, Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and some others of the crew of his Majesty's cutter Yungfrau.

The room was now full, but not crowded, it was too spacious well to be so. Some sixteen couples were dancing a quadrille to a lively tune played by the band, and among the dancers were to be seen old women, and children of ten or twelve : for it was not considered improper to be seen dancing at this humble assembly, and the neighbours frequently came in. The small tables and numerous chairs round the room were nearly all filled, beer was foaming from the mouths of the opened bottles, and there was the ringing of the glasses as they pledged each other. At several tables were assemblages of Dutch seamen,

who smoked with all the phlegm of their nation, as they gravely looked upon the dancers. At another were to be seen some American seamen, scrupulously neat in their attire, and with an air *distinguée*, from the superiority of their education, and all of them quiet and sober. The basket-women flitted about displaying their stores, and invited every one to purchase fruit, and particularly hard-boiled eggs, which they had brought in at this hour, when those who dined at one might be expected to be hungry. Sailors' wives were also there, and perhaps some who could not produce the marriage certificates; but as these were not asked for at the door, it was of no consequence. About the centre of the room, at two small tables joined together, were to be seen the party from the Yungfrau; some were drinking beer, some grog, and Jemmy Ducks was perched on the table, with his fiddle as usual held like a bass viol. He was known by those who frequented the house by the name of the Manikin, and was a universal object of admiration and good-will. The quadrille was ended, and the music stopped playing.

“Come now,” said Coble, tossing off his glass, “spell oh!—let’s have a song while they take their breath. Jemmy, strike up.”

“Hurrah for a song!” cries Jemmy. “Here goes.”

Jemmy then tuned one string of his fiddle, which was a little out, and accompanying his voice, sang as follows: all those who were present immediately keeping silence, for they were used to Jemmy’s melody.

Tw’as on the twenty-fourth of June, I sailed away to
sea,

I turned my pockets in the lap of Susan on my knee;
Says I, my dear, ’tis all I have, I wish that it was
more,

It can’t be helped, says Susan then, you know we’ve
spent galore.

You know we’ve spent galore, my Bill,

And merry have been we,

Again you must your pockets fill,

For Susan on your knee.

“Chorus, my boys—

For Susan on my knee, my boys,

With Susan on my knee.

The gale came on in thunder, lads, in lightning, and
in foam,
Before that we had sail'd away three hundred miles
from home ;
And on the Sunday morning, lads, the coast was on
our lee,
Oh, then I thought of Portsmouth, and of Susan on
my knee.

For howling winds and waves to boot,
With black rocks on the lee,
Did not so well my fancy suit,
As Susan on my knee.

Chorus.—With Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

Next morning we were cast away upon the French-
man's shore,
We saved our lives, but not our all, for we could save
no more ;
They marched us to a prison, so we lost our liberty,
I peeped between the bars, and sighed for Susan on
my knee.

For bread so black, and wine so sour,
And a sous a-day to me,
Made me long ten times an hour,
For Susan on my knee.

Chorus.—For Susan on my knee, my boys,
For Susan on my knee.

One night we smashed our jailer's skull, and off our
boat did steer,
And in the offing were picked up by a jolly privateer;
We sailed in her the cruise, my boys, and prizes did
take we,
I'll be at Portsmouth soon, thinks I, with Susan on
my knee.

We shared three hundred pounds a man,
I made all sail with glee,
Again I danced and tossed my can,
With Susan on my knee.

Chorus.—With Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

“That's prime, Jemmy. Now, my boys, all
together,” cried Obadiah Coble.

Chorus.—Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We are all here for mirth and glee,
We are all here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;

Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

“ Hurrah ! now, Bill Spurey, suppose you tip us a stave. But I say, Babette, you Dutch-built galliot, tell old Frank Slush to send us another dose of the stuff; and, d’ye hear, a short pipe for me, and a paper o’ baccy.”

The short, fat Babette, whose proportions all the exercise of waiting upon the customers could not reduce, knew quite enough English to require no further explanation.

“ Come, Jemmy, my hearty, take your fingers off your fiddle, and hand in your pot,” continued Coble; “ and then if they are not going to dance, we’ll have another song. Bill Spurey, wet your whistle, and just clear the cobwebs out of your throat. Here’s more ’baccy, Short.”

Short made no reply, but he shook out the ashes and filled his pipe. The music did not strike up again, so Bill Spurey sang as follows:—

Says the parson one day, as I cursed a Jew,
Do you know, my lad, that we call it a sin?
I fear of you sailors there are but few,
St. Peter, to heaven, will ever let in.
Says I, Mr. Parson, to tell you my mind,
No sailors to knock were ever yet seen,
Those who travel by land may steer 'gainst wind,
But we shape a course for Fidler's Green.

For Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew
And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, I hear you've married three wives,
Now do you not know, that that is a sin?
You sailors, you lead such very bad lives,
St. Peter, to heaven, will ne'er let you in.
Parson, says I, in each port I've but *one*,
And never had more, wherever I've been;
Below I'm obliged to be chaste as a nun,
But I'm promised a dozen at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,
And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, says he, you're drunk, my man,
And do you not know that that is a sin?
If you sailors will ever be swigging your can,
To heaven you surely will never get in.
(*Hiccup.*) Parson, you may as well be mum,
'Tis only on shore I'm this way seen;
But oceans of punch, and rivers of rum,
Await the sailor at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,
And pledge to love and beauty.

"Well reeled off, Billy," cried Jemmy Ducks, finishing with a flourish on his fiddle, and a refrain of the air. "I don't think we shall meet *him* and his dog at Fidler's Green—heh!"

"No," replied Short, taking his pipe from his lip.

"No, no, Jemmy, a seaman true means one true in heart as well as in knowledge; but, like a blind fiddler, he'll be led by his dog somewhere else."

“From vere de dog did come from,” observed Jansen.

The band now struck up again, and played a waltz—a dance new to our country, but older than the heptarchy. Jansen, with his pipe in his mouth, took one of the women by the waist, and steered round the room about as leisurely as a capstern heaving up. Dick Short also took another, made four turns, reeled up against a Dutchman who was doing it with *sang froid*, and then suddenly left his partner and dropped into his chair.

“I say, Jemmy,” said Obadiah Coble, “why don’t you give a girl a twist round?”

“Because I can’t, Oby; my compasses arn’t long enough to describe a circle. You and I are better here, old boy. I, because I’ve very little legs, and you, because you havn’t a leg to stand upon.”

“Very true—not quite so young as I was forty years ago. Howsomever I mean this to be my last vessel. I shall bear up for one of the London dock-yards as a rigger.”

“ Yes, that’ll do ; only keep clear of the girt-lines, you’re too stiff for that.”

“ No, that would not exactly tell ; I shall pick my own work, and that’s where I can bring my tarry trowsers to an anchor—mousing the mainstay, or puddening the anchor, with the best of any. Dick, lend us a bit of ’baccy.”

Short pulled out his box without saying a word. Coble took a quid, and Short thrust the box again into his pocket.

In the meantime the waltz continued, and being a favourite dance, there were about fifty couple going round and round the room. Such was the variety in the dress, country, language, and appearance of the parties collected, that you might have imagined it a masquerade. It was, however, getting late, and Frau Vander-sloosh had received the intimation of the people of the police who superintend these resorts, that it was the time for shutting up ; so that, although the widow was sorry on her own account to disperse so merry and and so thirsty a party as they were now becoming, so soon as

the waltz was ended the musicians packed up their instruments and departed.

This was a signal for many, but by no means for all, to depart ; for music being over, and the house doors closed, a few who remained, provided they made no disturbance, were not interfered with by the police. Among those who staid were the party from the Yungfrau, one or two American, and some Prussian sailors. Having closed up together,

“Come,” cried Jemmy, “now that we are quiet again, let’s have another song ; and who is it to be—Dick Short ?”

“Short, my boy, come, you must sing.”

“No,” replied Short.

“Yes, yes—one verse,” said Spurey.

“He never sings more,” replied Jemmy Ducks, “so he must give us that. Come, Short.”

“Yes,” replied Short, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and wetting his lips with the grog.

Short stay apeak was the anchor,

We had but a short minute more,

In *short*, I no longer could hanker,
For *short* was the cash in my store.
I gave one *short* look,
As Poll heaved a *short* sigh
One *short* hug I took,
Short the matter cut I,
And off I went to sea.

“Go on, Bob.”

“No,” replied Short, resuming his pipe.

“Well, then, chorus, my boys.”

Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one ;
We all are here for mirth and glee,
We all are here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one ;
Put your hats on, and keep your heads warm,
A little more liquor will do us no harm.

“Now then, Jemmy Ducks, it’s round to you again. Strike up, fiddle and all.”

“Well, here goes,” said Jemmy Ducks.

The captain stood on the carronade—first lieutenant,
says he,
Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to
me :

I havn't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm
bred to the sea,

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight
with we.

Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I've been
to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained
the victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take
she,

'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture
we ;

I havn't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to
his gun,

If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each
mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been
to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained
the victory.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman
had enough,

I little thought, said he, that your men were of such
stuff ;

The captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow
made to he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, Mounsieur, but polite I
wish to be.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been
to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained
the victory.

Our captain sent for all of us; my merry men, said
he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thank-
ful be;

You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood
to his gun,
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have
flogged each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at
sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the
victory.

Chorus.—Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We all are here for mirth and glee,
We all are here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;

Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

“ Now, Coble, we must have yours,” said
Jemmy Ducks.

“ Mine ! well, if you please : but half my
notes are stranded. You’ll think that Snar-
ley yow is baying the moon : howsomever, take
it as it is.”

Oh, what’s the use of piping, boys, I never yet could
larn,

The good of water from the eyes I never could
disarn ;

Salt water we have sure enough without our pumping
more,

So let us leave all crying to the girls we leave on
shore.

They may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, “ Good bye ;”
But as for men,
Why, I say again,
That crying’s all my eye.

I went to school when quite a boy, and never larnt
to read,

The master tried both head and tail—at last it was
agreed

No larning he could force in me, so they sent me off to
sea,

My mother wept and wrung her hands, and cried
most bitterly.

So she did pump,

As I did jump

In the boat, and said, “ Good bye ;”

But as for me

Who was sent to sea,

To cry was all my eye.

I courted Poll, a buxom lass ; when I returned A B,
I bought her ear-rings, hat, and shawl, a sixpence did
break we ;

At last ’twas time to be on board, so, Poll, says I,
farewell ;

She roared and said, that leaving her was like a fune-
ral knell.

So she did pump,

As I did jump

In the boat, and said, “ Good bye ;”

But as for me

With the rate A B,

To cry was all my eye.

I soon went back, I shoved on shore, and Polly I did
meet,
For she was watching on the shore, her sweetheart
for to greet,
She threw her arms around me then, and much to my
surprise,
She vowed she was so happy that she pumped with
both her eyes.

So she did pump,
As I did jump
To kiss her lovingly,
But, I say again,
That as for men,
Crying is all my eye.

Then push the can around, my boys, and let us merry be;
We'll rig the pumps if a leak we spring, and work
most merrily:

Salt water we have sure enough, we'll add not to its
store,

But drink, and laugh, and sing and chat, and call
again for more.

The girls may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, "Good bye;"
But as for we,
Who sailors be,
Crying is all my eye.

“ Bravo, Obadiah ! now one more song, and then we’ll aboard. It won’t do to bowse your jib up too tight here,” said Jemmy ; “ for it’s rather dangerous navigation among all these canals—no room for yawing.”

“ No,” replied Dick Short.

“ Then,” said Jemmy, jumping off the table with his fiddle in his hand, “ let’s have the roarer by way of a finish—what d’ye say, my hearties ?”

Up they all rose, and gathered together in the centre of the room, save Jemmy Ducks, who, flourishing with his fiddle, commenced.

Jack’s alive and a merry dog,
When he gets on shore,
He calls for his glass of grog,
He drinks, and he calls for more.
So drink, and call for what you please,
Until you’ve had your whack, boys ;
We think no more of raging seas,
Now that we’ve come back, boys.

“ Chorus, now—”

With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling ;

Smack, crack—this is our jubilee :

Huzza, my lads ! we'll keep the pot boiling.

All the seamen joined in the chorus, which they accompanied both with their hands and feet, snapping their fingers at *whip* and *snip*, and smacking their hands at *smack* and *crack*, while they danced round in the most grotesque manner, to Jemmy's fiddle and voice ; the chorus ended in loud laughter, for they had now proved the words of the song to be true, and were all alive and merry. According to the rules of the song, Jemmy now called out for the next singer, Coble.

Jack's alive and merry, my boys,
When he's on blue water,
In the battle's rage and noise,
And the main-deck slaughter.
So drink and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys ;
We'll think no more of angry seas,
Until that we go back, boys.

Chorus.—With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much
oiling ;

Smack, crack—this is our jubilee ;
Huzza, my lads ! we'll keep the pot
boiling.

Jansen and Jemmy Ducks, after the dancing
chorus had finished,

Yack alive and merry, my boys,
Ven he get him *frau*,
And he vid her ringlet toys,
As he take her paw.
So drink, and call for vat you please.
Until you hab your vack, boys ;
Ve'll think no more of angry seas,
Till ve standen back, boys.

Chorus and laughter.

With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling ;
Smack, crack—this is our jubilee ;
Huzza, my lads, we'll keep the pot boiling.

Bill Spurey—

Jack's alive and merry, boys,
When he's got the shiners ;

Heh ! for rattle, fun, and noise,
 Hang all grumbling whiners.
 Then drink, and call for what you please,
 Until you've had your whack, boys ;
 We think no more of raging seas,
 Now that we've come back, boys.

Chorus.—With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
 The cog-wheels of life have need of much
 oiling :
Smack, crack—this is our jubilee ;
 Huzza, my lads ! we'll keep the pot boil-
 ing.

“ Dick Short must sing.”

“ Yes,” replied Dick.

Jack's alive and full of fun,
 When his hulk is crazy,
 As he basks in Greenwich sun,
 Jolly still though lazy.
 So drink, and call for what you please,
 Until you've had your whack, boys ;
 We'll think no more of raging seas,
 Now that we've come back, boys.

Chorus.—With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
 The cog-wheels of life have need of much
 oiling ;

Smack, crack—this is our jubilee ;

Huzza, my lads ! we'll keep the pot boiling.

As this was the last chorus, it was repeated three or four times, and with hallooing, screaming, and dancing in mad gesticulation.

“ Hurrah, my lads,” cried Jemmy, “ three cheers and a bravo.”

It was high time that they went on board ; so thought Frau Vandersloosh, who trembled for her chandeliers ; so thought Babette, who had begun to yawn before the last song, and who had tired herself more with laughing at it ; so thought they all, and they sallied forth out of the Lust Haus, with Jemmy Ducks having the advance, and fiddling to them the whole way down to the boat. Fortunately, not one of them fell into the canal, and in ten minutes they were all on board ; they were not, however, permitted to turn into their hammocks without the important information being imparted to them, that Snarley yow had disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

In which is explained the sublime mystery of keel-hauling—Snarley yow saves Smallbones from being drowned, although Smallbones would have drowned him.

It is a dark morning ; the wind is fresh from the north-west ; flakes of snow are seen wafting here and there by the wind, the avant-couriers of a heavy fall ; the whole sky is of one murky grey, and the sun is hidden behind a dense bank. The deck of the cutter is wet and slippery, and Dick Short has the morning watch. He is wrapt up in a Flushing pea-jacket, with thick mittens on his hands ; he looks about him, and now and then a fragment of snow whirls into his eye ; he winks

it out, it melts and runs like a tear down his cheek. If it were not that it is contrary to man-of-war custom he would warm himself with the *double-shuffle*, but such a step would be unheard of on the quarter-deck of even the cutter Yungfrau.

The tarpaulin over the hatchway is pushed on one side, and the space between the coamings is filled with the bull head and broad shoulders of Corporal Van Spitter, who, at last, gains the deck; he looks round him and apparently is not much pleased with the weather. Before he proceeds to business, he examines the sleeves and front of his jacket, and having brushed off with the palm of his hand a variety of blanket-hairs, adhering to the cloth, he is satisfied, and now turns to the right and to the left, and forward and aft—in less than a minute he goes right round the compass. What can Corporal Van Spitter want at so early an hour? He has not come up on deck for nothing, and yet he appears to be strangely puzzled: the fact is, by the arrangements of last night, it was decided, that

this morning, if Snarley yow did not make his appearance in the boat sent on shore for fresh beef for the ship's company, the unfortunate Smallbones was to be *keelhauled*.

What a delightful morning for a keelhauling!

This ingenious process, which, however, like many other good old customs, has fallen into disuse, must be explained to the non-nautical reader. It is nothing more nor less than sending a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him* down over the bows, and with ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the kelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling line until he makes his appearance at

* The author has here explained keel-hauling as practised in those times in small *fore and aft* vessels. In large and square-rigged vessels, the man was hauled up to one main-yard arm, and dropped into the sea, and hauled under the bottom of the vessel to the other; but this in small fore and aft vessels was not so easily effected, nor was it considered sufficient punishment.

the rudder-chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not at the rapidity of his motion, but because, when so long under the water, he has expended all the breath in his body, and is induced to take in salt water *en lieu*. There is much merit in this invention ; people are very apt to be content with walking the deck of a man-of-war, and complain of it as a hardship, but when once they have learnt, by experience, the difference between being comfortable above board, and the number of deprivations which they have to submit to when under board and overboard at the same time, they find that there are worse situations than being on the deck of a vessel—we say privations when under board, for they really are very important:—you are deprived of the air to breathe, which is not borne with patience even by a philosopher, and you are obliged to drink salt water instead of fresh. In the days of keelhauling, the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were well studded with a species of shell-fish which attached themselves, called barnacles, and as these shells

were all open-mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made by the ropes at each side, fastened to their arms, to hug the kelson of the vessel) were cut and scored all over their body, as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, and with their faces, especially their noses, as if they had been gnawed by the rats; but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was, that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover after their submarine excursion. The Dutch have the credit, and we will not attempt to take from them their undoubted right, of having invented this very agreeable description of punishment. They are considered a heavy, phlegmatic sort of people, but on every point in which the art of ingeniously tormenting is in request, it must be admitted that they have taken the lead of much more vivacious and otherwise more inventive nations.

And now the reader will perceive why Cor-

poral Van Spitter was in a dilemma. With all the good-will in the world, with every anxiety to fulfil his duty, and to obey his superior officer, he was not a seaman, and did not know how to commence operations. He knew nothing about foddering a vessel's bottom, much less how to fodder it with the carcass of one of his fellow-creatures. The corporal, as we said before, turned round and round the compass to ascertain if he could compass his wishes; at last, he commenced by dragging one rope's-end from one side and another from the other; those would do for the side ropes, but he wanted a long one from forward and another from aft, and how to get the one from aft under the cutter's bottom was a puzzle; and then there was the mast and the rigging in his way;—the corporal reflected—the more he considered the matter, the more his brain became confused; he was at a nonplus, and he gave it up in despair: he stood still, took out a blue cotton handkerchief from the breast of his jacket and wiped his forehead, for the intensity of thought had made him perspire—anything

like reflection was very hard work for Corporal Van Spitter.

“Tousand tyfels !” at last exclaimed the corporal, and he paused and knocked his big head with his fist.

“Hundred thousand tyfels !” repeated the corporal after five minutes’ more thought.

“Twenty hundred tousand tyfels !” muttered the corporal, once more knocking his head : but he knocked in vain ; like an empty house, there was no one within to answer the appeal. The corporal could no more ; so he returned his pocket-handkerchief to the breast of his jacket, and a heavy sigh escaped from his own breast. All the devils in hell were mentally conjured and summoned to his aid, but they were, it is to be presumed, better employed, for although the work in hand was diabolical enough, still, Smallbones was such a poor devil, that probably he might have been considered as remotely allied to the fraternity.

It may be inquired why, as this was *on service*, Corporal Van Spitter did not apply for the assistance of the seamen belonging to the

vessel, particularly to the officer in charge of the deck ; but the fact was, that he was unwilling to do this, knowing that his application would be in vain, for he was aware that the whole crew sided with Smallbones ; it was only as a last resource that he intended to do this, and being now at his *wit's* end, he walked up to Dick Short, who had been watching the corporal's motions in silence, and accosted him.

“ If you please, Mynheer Short, Mynheer Vanslyperken give orders dat de boy be keel-hauled dis morning ;—I want haben de rope and de way.”

Short looked at the corporal, and made no reply.

“ Mynheer Short, I haben tell de order of Mynheer Vanslyperken.”

Dick Short made no reply, but leaning over the hatchway, called out, “ Jemmy.”

“ Ay, ay,” replied Jemmy Ducks, turning out of his hammock and dropping on the lower deck.

Corporal Van Spitter, who imagined that Mr. Short was about to comply with his request

after his own Harpocratic fashion, remained quietly on the deck until Jemmy Ducks made his appearance.

“Hands,” quoth Short.

Jemmy piped the hands up.

“Boat,” quoth Short, turning his head to the small boat hoisted up astern.

Now as all this was apparently preparatory to the work required, the corporal was satisfied. The men soon came up with their hammocks on their shoulders, which they put into the nettings, and then Jemmy proceeded to lower down the boat. As soon as it was down and hauled up alongside, Short turned round to Coble, and waving his hand towards the shore, said,

“Beef.”

Coble, who perfectly understood him, put a new quid into his cheek, went down the side, and pulled on shore to bring off the fresh beef and vegetables for the ship’s company; after which Dick Short walked the deck and gave no further orders.

Corporal Van Spitter perceiving this, went up to him again.

“Mynheer Short, you please get ready.”

“No!” thundered Short, turning away.

“Got for dam, dat is mutiny,” muttered the corporal, who immediately backed stern foremost down the hatchway, to report to his commandant the state of affairs on deck. Mr. Vanslyperken had already risen; he had slept but one hour during the whole night, and that one hour was so occupied with wild and fearful dreams that he awoke from his sleep unrefreshed. He had dreamed that he was making every attempt to drown Smallbones, but without effect, for, so soon as the lad was dead he came to life again; he thought that Smallbones’ soul was incorporated in a small animal something like a mouse, and that he had to dislodge it from its tenement of clay; but as soon as he drove it from one part of the body it would force its way back again into another; if he forced it out by the mouth after incredible exertions, which made him perspire at every pore, it would run back again into the ear; if forced from thence, through the nostril, then in at the toe, or any other part; in short,

he laboured apparently in his dream for years, but without success. And then the "change came o'er the spirit of his dream;" but still there was analogy, for he was now trying to press his suit, which was now a liquid in a vial, into the widow Vandersloosh, but in vain. He administered it again and again, but it acted as an emetic, and she could not stomach it, and then he found himself rejected by all—the widow kicked him, Smallbones stamped upon him, even Snarley yow flew at him and bit him; at last, he fell with an enormous paving-stone round his neck, descending into a horrible abyss head foremost, and, as he increased his velocity, he awoke trembling and confused, and could sleep no more. This dream was not one to put Mr. Vanslyperken into good humour, and two severe cuts on his cheek with the razor as he attempted to shave, for his hand still trembled, had added to his discontent, when it was raised to its climax by the entrance of Corporal Van Spitter, who made his report of the mutinous conduct of the first officer. Never was Mr. Vansly-

perken in such a tumult of rage ; he pulled off some beaver from his hat to staunch the blood, and wiping off the remainder of the lather, for he put aside the operation of shaving till his hand was more steady, he threw on his coat and followed the corporal on deck, looked round with a savage air, spied out the diminutive form of Jemmy Ducks, and desired him to pipe "all hands to keel-haul."

Whereupon Jemmy put his pipe to his mouth, and after a long flourish, bawled out what appeared to Mr. Vanslyperken to be—all hands to *be keelhauled* ; but Jemmy slurred over quickly the little change made in the order, and, although the men tittered, Mr. Vanslyperken thought it better to say nothing. But there is an old saying, that you may bring a horse to the pond, but you cannot make him drink. Mr. Vanslyperken had given the order, but no one attempted to commence the arrangements. The only person who showed any activity was Smallbones himself, who, not aware that he was to be punished, and hearing all hands piped for something or another, came

shambling, all legs and wings, up the hatchway, and looked around to ascertain what was to be done. He was met by the bulky form of Corporal Van Spitter, who, thinking that Smallbones' making his appearance in such haste was with the intention of jumping overboard to avoid his punishment, immediately seized him by the collar with the left hand, turned round on a pivot towards Mr. Vanslyperken, and raising his right hand to his foraging cap, reported, "The prisoner on deck, Mynheer Vanslyperken." This roused the lieutenant to action, for he had been walking the deck for a half minute in deep thought.

"Is all ready there, forward?" cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

No one replied.

"I say, boatswain, is all ready?"

"No, sir," replied Jemmy; "nobody knows how to set about it. I don't, any how—I never seed anything of the like since I've been in the service—the whole of the ship's company say the same." But even the flakes of snow, which now fell thick, and whitened the blue

jacket of Mr. Vanslyperken, could not assuage his wrath—he perceived that the men were refractory, so he summoned the six marines—who were completely under the control of their corporal.

Poor Smallbones had, in the meantime, discovered what was going on, and thought that he might as well urge something in his own defence.

“If you please, what are you going for to do with me?” said the lad, with a terrified look.

“Lead him forward,” said Mr. Vanslyperken; “follow me, marines;” and the whole party, headed by the lieutenant, went before the mast.

“Strip him,” cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

“Strip me, with the snow flying like this! An’t I cold enough already?”

“You’ll be colder when you’re under the bottom of the cutter,” replied his master.

“O Lord! then it is keelhauling a’ter all; why what have I done?” cried Smallbones, as the marines divested him of his shirt, and

exposed his emaciated body to the pitiless storm.

“Where’s Snarley yow, sir?—confess.”

“Snarley yow—how should I know, sir? it’s very hard, because your dog is not to be found, that I’m to be dragged under the bottom of a vessel.”

“I’ll teach you to throw paving stones in the canal.”

“Paving stones, sir!” and Smallbones’ guilty conscience flew in his face. “Well, sir, do as you please, I’m sure I don’t care; if I am to be killed, be quick about it—I’m sure I sha’n’t come up alive.”

Here Mr. Vanslyperken remembered his dream, and the difficulty which he had in driving Smallbones’ soul out of his body, and he was fearful that even keelhauling would not settle Smallbones.

By the directions of Mr. Vanslyperken, the hauling ropes and other tackle were collected by the marines, for the seamen stood by, and appeared resolved, to a man, to do nothing, and, in about half an hour, all was ready.

Four marines manned the hauling line, one was placed at each side-rope fastened to the lad's arms, and the corporal, as soon as he had lifted the body of Smallbones over the larboard gunnel, had directions to attend the bow-line, and not allow him to be dragged on too fast: a better selection for this purpose could not have been made than Corporal Van Spitter. Smallbones had been laid without his clothes on the deck, now covered with snow, during the time that the lines were making fast to him; he remained silent, and as usual, when punished, with his eyes shut, and as Vanslyperken watched him with feelings of hatred, he perceived an occasional smile to cross the lad's haggard features. He knows where the dog is, thought Vanslyperken, and his desire to know what had become of Snarley yow overcame his vengeance—he addressed the shivering Smallbones.

“Now, sir, if you wish to escape the punishment, tell me what has become of the dog, for I perceive that you know.”

Smallbones grinned as his teeth chattered—

he would have undergone a dozen keelhaulings rather than have satisfied Vanslyperken.

“I give you ten minutes to think of it,” continued the lieutenant; “hold all fast at present.”

The snow storm now came on so thick that it was difficult to distinguish the length of the vessel. Smallbones’ naked limbs were gradually covered, and, before the ten minutes were expired, he was wrapped up in snow as in a garment—he shook his head occasionally to clear his face, but remained silent.

“Now, sir,” cried Vanslyperken, “will you tell me, or overboard you go at once? Will you tell me?”

“No,” replied Smallbones.

“Do you know, you scoundrel?”

“Yes,” replied Smallbones, whose indignation was roused.

“And you won’t tell?”

“No,” shrieked the lad—“no, never, never, never!”

“Corporal Van Spitter, over with him,” cried Vanslyperken in a rage, when a sudden stir was heard amongst the men aft, and as the

corporal raised up the light frame of the culprit, to carry it to the gunnel, to the astonishment of Vanslyperken, of the corporal, and of Smallbones, Snarley yow appeared on the forecastle, and made a rush at Smallbones, as he lay in the corporal's arms, snapped at his leg, and then set up his usual deep baying, "bow, bow, bow !"

The re-appearance of the dog created no small sensation—Vanslyperken felt that he had now no reason for keelhauling Smallbones, which annoyed him as much as the sight of the dog gave him pleasure. The corporal, who had dropped Smallbones on the snow, was also disappointed. As for Smallbones, at the baying of the dog, he started up on his knees, and looked at it as if it were an apparition, with every demonstration of terror in his countenance; his eyes glared upon the animal with horror and astonishment, and he fell down in a swoon. The whole of the ship's company were taken aback—they looked at one another and shook their heads—one only remark was made by Jansen, who muttered, "De tog is no tog a'ter all."

Mr. Vanslyperken ordered Smallbones to be taken below, and then walked aft; perceiving Obadiah Coble, he inquired whence the dog had come, and was answered that he had come off in the boat which he had taken on shore for fresh beef and vegetables. Mr. Vanslyperken made no reply, but, with Snarley yow at his heels, went down into the cabin.

CHAPTER XI.

In which Snarleygow does not at all assist his master's cause with the widow Vandersloosh.

It will be necessary to explain to the reader by what means the life of our celebrated cur was preseverd. When Smallbones had thrown him into the canal, tied up, as he supposed, in his winding-sheet, what Mr. Vanslyperken observed was true, that there were people below, and the supposed paving-stone might have fallen upon them: the voices which he heard were those of a father and son, who were in a small boat going from a galliot to the steps where they intended to land; for this

canal was not like most others, with the water in it sufficiently high to enable people to step from the vessel's gunnel to the jetty. Snarley yow fell in his bag a few yards ahead of the boat, and the splash naturally attracted their attention; he did not sink immediately, but floundered and struggled so as to keep himself partly above water.

“What is that?” exclaimed the father to his son, in Dutch.

“Mein Gott! who is to know?—but we will see;” and the son took the boat-hook, and with it dragged the bread-bags towards the boat, just as they were sinking, for Snarley yow was exhausted with his efforts. The two together dragged the bags with their contents into the boat.

“It is a dog or something,” observed the son.

“Very well, but the bread-bags will be useful,” replied the father, and they pulled on to the landing-stairs. When they arrived

there they lifted out the bags, laid them on the stone steps, and proceeded to unrip them, when they found Snarley yow, who was just giving signs of returning animation. They took the bags with them, after having rolled his carcase out, and left it on the steps, for there was a fine for throwing anything into the canal. The cur soon after recovered, and was able to stand on his legs ; so soon as he could walk he made his way to the door of the widow Vandersloosh, and howled for admittance. The widow had retired : she had been reading her book of *prières*, as every one should do, who has been cheating people all day long. She was about to extinguish her light, when this serenade saluted her ears ; it became intolerable as the dog gained strength.

Babette had long been fast asleep, and was with difficulty roused up and directed to beat the cur away. She attempted to perform the duty, arming herself with the broom ; but the moment she opened the door Snarley yow dashed

in between her legs, upsetting her on the brick pavement. Babette screamed, and her mistress came out in the passage to ascertain the cause; the dog not being able to run into the parlour, bolted up the stairs, and snapping at the widow as he passed, secured a berth underneath her bed.

“ Oh, mein Gott! it is the dog of the lieutenant,” exclaimed Babette, coming up the stairs in greater dishabille than her mistress, and with the broom in her hand. “ What shall we do—how shall we get rid of him?”

“ A thousand devils may take the lieutenant, and his nasty dog, too,” exclaimed the widow, in great wrath; “ this is the last time that either of them enter my house; try, Babette, with your broom—shove at him hard.”

“ Yes, ma’am,” replied Babette, pushing with all her strength at the dog beneath the bed, who seized the broom with his teeth, and pulled it away from Babette. It was a struggle of strength between the girl and Snarley yow—pull,

Babette—pull, dog—one moment the broom, with two-thirds of the handle, disappeared under the bed, the next the maid recovered her lost ground. Snarley yow was first tired of this contention, and to prove that he had no thoughts of abandoning his position, he let go the broom, flew at Babette's naked legs, and having inserted his teeth half through her ankle, he returned growling to his former retreat. "O dear, mein Gott!" exclaimed Babette, dropping her broom, and holding her ankle with both hands.

"What shall we do?" cried the widow, wringing her hands.

It was indeed a case of difficulty. Mynheer Vandersloosh, before he had quitted this transitory scene, had become a personage as bulky as the widow herself, and the bed had been made unusually wide; the widow still retained the bed for her own use, for there was no knowing whether she might not again be induced to enter the hymeneal state. It occupied

more than one half of the room, and the dog had gained a position from which it was not easy for two women to dislodge him ; and, as the dog snarled and growled under the bed, so did the widow's wrath rise as she stood shivering—and it was directed against the master. She vowed mentally, that so sure as the dog was under the bed, so sure should his master never get into it.

And Babette's wrath was also kindled, now that the first pain of the bite had worn off ; she seized the broom again, and made some furious lunges at Snarley yow, so furious, that he could not regain possession with his teeth. The door of the room had been left open that the dog might escape—so had the street-door ; and the widow stood at the foot of the bed, waiting for some such effect being produced by Babette's vigorous attacks ; but the effects were not such as she anticipated ; the dog became more enraged, and at last sprang out at the foot of the bed, flew at the widow, tore her only garment,

and bit her in the leg. Frau Vandersloosh screamed and reeled—reeled against the door left half open, and falling against it, slammed it to with her weight, and fell down shrieking. Snarley yow, who probably had intended to make off, seeing that his escape was prevented, again retreated under the bed, and as soon as he was there he recommenced an attack upon Babette's legs.

Now, it appears, that what the united courage of the two females could not accomplish, was at last effected by their united fears. The widow Vandersloosh gained her legs as soon as she could, and at first opened the door to run out, but her night dress was torn to ribbons in front. She looked at her situation—modesty conquered every other feeling—she burst into tears, and exclaiming, “ Mr. Vanslyperken ! Mr. Vanslyperken ! ” she threw herself in an ecstasy of grief and rage on the centre of the bed. At the same moment the teeth of the dog were again fixed upon the ancles of Babette,

who also shrieked, and threw herself on the bed, and upon her mistress. The bed was a good bed, and had for years done its duty ; but you may even overload a bed, and so it proved in this instance. The united weights of the mistress and the maid coming down upon it with such emphasis, was more than the bed could bear—the sacking gave way altogether, and the mattress which they lay upon was now supported by the floor.

But this misfortune was their preservation—for when the mattress came down, it came down upon Snarley yow. The animal contrived to clear his loins, or he would have perished ; but he could not clear his long mangy tail, which was now caught and firmly fixed in a new species of trap, the widow's broadest proportions having firmly secured him by it. Snarley yow pulled, and pulled, but he pulled in vain—he was fixed—he could not bite, for the mattress was between them—he pulled, and he howled, and barked, and turned himself every way, and

yelped ; and had not his tail been of coarse and thick dimensions, he might have left it behind him, so great were his exertions ; but, no, it was impossible. The widow was a widow of substance, as Vanslyperken had imagined, and as she now proved to the dog—the only difference was, that the master wished to be in the very situation which the dog was now so anxious to escape from—to wit, tailed on to the widow. Babette, who soon perceived that the dog was so, now got out of the bed, and begging her mistress not to move an inch, and seizing the broom, she hammered Snarley yow most unmercifully, without any fear of retaliation. The dog redoubled his exertions, and the extra weight of Babette being now removed, he was at last able to withdraw his appendage, and probably feeling that there was now no chance of a quiet night's rest in his present quarters, he made a bolt out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street. Babette chased him down, threw the broom at his head as he cleared the threshold, and then bolted the door.

“ O the beast !” exclaimed Babette, going up stairs again, out of breath ; “ he’s gone at last, ma’am.”

“ Yes,” replied the widow, rising up with difficulty from the hole made with her own centre of gravity ; “ and—and his master shall go too. Make love indeed—the atomy—the shrimp—the dried up stock-fish. Love, quotha—and refuse to hang a cur like that. O dear ! O dear ! get me something to put on. One of my best chemises all in rags—and his nasty teeth in my leg in two places, Babette. Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see—I don’t care for their custom. Mr. Vanslyperken, you’ll not sit on my sofa again, I can tell you ;—hug your nasty cur—quite good enough for you. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken.”

By this time the widow had received a fresh supply of linen from Babette ; and as soon as she had put it on she rose from the bed, the fractured state of which again called forth her indignation.

“Thirty-two years have I had this bed, wedded and single, Babette!” exclaimed the widow. “For sixteen years did I sleep on that bed with the lamented Mr. Vandersloosh—for sixteen years have I slept in it, a lone widow—but never till now did it break down. How am I to sleep to-night? What am I to do, Babette?”

“’Twas well it did break down, ma’am,” replied Babette, who was smoothing down the jagged skin at her ankles; “or we should never have got the nasty biting brute out of the house.”

“Very well—very well. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage, indeed, I’d as soon marry his cur.”

“Mein Gott!” exclaimed Babette. “I think madame, if you did marry, you would soon find the master as cross as the dog; but I must make this bed.”

Babette proceeded to examine the mischief, and found that it was only the cords which tied

the sacking which had given way, and considering that they had done their office for thirty-two years, and the strain which had been put upon them after so long a period, there was not much to complain of. A new cord was procured, and, in a quarter of an hour, all was right again; and the widow, who had sat in the chair fuming and blowing off her steam, as soon as Babette had turned down the bed, turned in again, muttering, "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage indeed. Well, well, we shall see. Stop till to-morrow, Mr. Vanslyperken;" and as Babette has closed the curtains, so will we close this chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

In which resolutions are entered into in all quarters, and Jemmy Ducks is accused of mutiny for singing a song in a snow-storm.

WHAT were the adventures of Snarleygow after this awkward interference with his master's speculations upon the widow, until he jumped into the beef boat to go on board of the cutter, are lost for ever; but it is to be supposed that he could not have remained the whole night without making himself disagreeable in some quarter or another. But, as we before observed, we know nothing about it; and, therefore, may be excused if we do not tell.

The widow Vandersloosh slept but little that night: her soul was full of vengeance; but although smarting with the imprints of the cur's teeth, still she had an eye to business; the custom of the crew of the cutter was not to be despised, and, as she thought of this, she gradually cooled down. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that she came to her decision; and it was a very prudent one, which was to demand the dead body of the dog to be laid at her door before Mr. Vanslyperken should be allowed admittance. This was her right, and if he was sincere, he would not refuse; if he did refuse, it was not at all clear that she should lose the custom of the seamen, over the major part of whom Vanslyperken then appeared to have very little control; and all of whom, she knew, detested him most cordially, as well as his dog. After which resolution the widow Vandersloosh fell fast asleep.

But we must return on board, where there

was almost as much confusion as there had been on shore. The re-appearance of Snarley yow was considered supernatural, for Smallbones had distinctly told in what manner he had tied him up in the bread-bags, and thrown him into the canal. Whisperings and murmurings were heard all round the cutter's decks. Obadiah Coble shrugged up his shoulders, as he took an extra quid—Dick Short walked about with lips compressed, more taciturn than ever—Jansen shook his head, muttering, “Te tog is no tog”—Bill Spurey had to repeat to the ship's company the legend of his coming on board over and over again. The only persons who appeared not to have lost their courage were Jemmy Ducks and poor Smallbones, who had been put in his hammock to recover him from his refrigeration. The former said, “that if they were to sail with the devil, it could not be helped, pay and prize money would still go on ;” and the latter, who had quite recovered his self-possession, “vowed that dog or devil, he

would never cease his attempts to destroy him—if he was the devil, or one of his imps, it was his duty as a Christian to oppose him, and he had no chance of better treatment if he were to remain quiet.” The snow-storm continued, and the men remained below, all but Jemmy Ducks, who leaned against the lee side of the cutter’s mast, and, as the snow fell, sang, to a slow air, the following ditty, it probably being called to his recollection by the state of the weather.

’Twas at the landing-place that’s just below Mount
Wyse,
Poll leaned against the sentry’s box, a tear in both
her eyes,
Her apron twisted round her arms, all for to keep them
warm,
Being a windy Christmas-day, and also a snow-
storm.

And Bet and Sue
Both stood there too,
A shivering by her side,
They both were dumb,

And both looked glum,
As they watched the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts before in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You have sent the ship in a gale to work,
On a lee shore to be jammed,
I'll give you a piece of my mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—We'll give you a piece of our mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Who ever heard in the sarvice of a frigate made to
sail
On Christmas-day, it blowing hard, with sleet, and
snow, and hail?
I wish I had the fishing of your back that is so bent,
I'd use the galley poker hot unto your heart's content.
Here Bet and Sue
Are with me too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
And both look glum,

And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a roaring fire I'll bet,
In it your toes are jammed,
Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I had the flour and plums all picked, and suet all
chopped fine,
To mix into a pudding rich for all the mess to dine ;
I pawned my ear-rings for the beef, it weighed at
least a stone,
Now my fancy man is sent to sea, and I am left alone.
Here's Bet and Sue
Who stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
They both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.

Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free,
You've got a turkey I'll be bound,
With which you will be crammed,
I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I'm sure that in this weather they cannot cook their
meat,
To eat it raw on Christmas-day will be a pleasant
treat;
But let us all go home, girls, it's no use waiting here,
We'll hope that Christmas-day to come, they will have
better cheer.

So Bet and Sue
Don't stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
Don't keep so dumb,
Don't look so glum,
Nor watch the ebbing tide.

Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the Admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
So while they cut their raw salt hunks,
With dainties you'll be crammed,
Here's once for all my mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Chorus.—So once for all our mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

“Mein Gott! but dat is rank mutiny, Mynheer Shemmy Tucks,” observed Corporal Van Spitter, who had come upon the deck unperceived by Jemmy, and had listened to the song.

“Mutiny, is it?” replied Jemmy, “and report this also.

I'll give you a bit of my mind, fat thief,
You, corporal, may be d——d.”

“Dat is better and better—I mean to say, worser and worser,” replied the corporal.

“Take care I don’t pitch you overboard,” replied Jemmy, in wrath.

“Dat is most worst still,” said the corporal, stalking aft, and leaving Jemmy Ducks to follow up the train of his own thoughts.

Jemmy, who had been roused by the corporal, and felt the snow insinuating itself into the nape of the neck, thought he might as well go down below.

The corporal made his report, and Mr. Vanslyperken made his comments, but he did no more, for he was aware that a mere trifle would cause a general mutiny. The recovery of Snarley yow consoled him, and little thinking what had been the events of the preceding night, he thought he might as well prove his devotion to the widow, by paying his respects in a snow-storm—but not in the attire of the day before—Mr. Vanslyperken was too economical for that; so he remained in his long threadbare great-coat and foul-weather hat. Having first locked up his dog in the cabin,

and entrusted the key to the corporal, he went on shore, and presented himself at the widow's door, which was opened by Babette, who with her person barred entrance: she did not wait for Vanslyperken to speak first.

“Mynheer Vanslyperken, you can't come in. Frau Vandersloosh is very ill in bed—the doctor says it's a bad case—she cannot be seen.”

“Ill!” exclaimed Vanslyperken; “your dear, charming mistress ill! Good heavens! what is the matter, my dear Babette?” replied Vanslyperken, with all the pretended interest of a devoted lover.

“All through you, Mr. Vanslyperken,” replied Babette.

“Me!” exclaimed Vanslyperken.

“Well, all through your nasty cur, which is the same thing.”

“My dog! I little thought that he was left here,” replied the lieutenant; “but, Babette, let me in, if you please, for the snow falls fast, and——”

“ And you must not come in, Mr. Vanslyperken,” replied Babette, pushing him back.

“ Good heavens ! what is the matter ? ”

Babette then narrated what had passed, and as she was very prolix, Mr. Vanslyperken was a mass of snow on the windward side of him before she had finished, which she did, by pulling down her worsted stockings, and showing the wounds which she had received as her portion in the last night's affray. Having thus given ocular evidence of the truth of what she had asserted, Babette then delivered the message of her mistress ; to wit, “ that until the dead body of Snarley yow was laid at the porch where they now stood, he, Mr. Vanslyperken, would never gain re-admission.” So saying, and not feeling it very pleasant to continue a conversation in a snow-storm, Babette very unceremoniously slammed the door in Mr. Vanslyperken's face, and left him to digest the communication with what appetite he might. Mr. Vanslyperken, notwithstanding the cold

weather, hastened from the door in a towering passion. The perspiration actually ran down his face, and mingled with the melting snow. "To be or not to be"—give up the widow or give up his darling Snarley yow—a dog whom he loved the more, the more he was, through him, entangled in scrapes and vexations—a dog whom every one hated, and therefore he loved—a dog which had not a single recommendation, and therefore was highly prized—a dog assailed by all, and especially by that scarecrow Smallbones, to whom his death would be a victory—it was impossible. But then the widow—with such lots of guilders in the bank, and such a good income from the Lust Haus, he had long made up his mind to settle in possession. It was the haven which, in the vista of his mind, he had been so long accustomed to dwell upon, and he could not give up the hope.

Yet one must be sacrificed. No, he could part with neither. "I have it," thought he;

“ I will make the widow believe that I have sacrificed the dog, and then, when I am once in possession, the dog shall come back again, and let her say a word if she dares ; I’ll tame her, and pay her off for old scores.”

Such was the determination of Mr. Vanslyperken, as he walked back to the boat. His reverie was, however, broken by his breaking his nose against a lamp-post, which did not contribute to his good-humour. “ Yes, yes, Frau Vandersloosh, we will see,” muttered Vanslyperken ; “ you would kill my dog, would you ? It’s a dog’s life I’ll lead you when I’m once secure of you, Madame Vandersloosh. You cheated me out of my biscuit—we shall see ;” and Mr. Vanslyperken stepped into his boat and pulled on board.

On his arrival he found that a messenger had come on board during his absence, with the letters of thanks from the king’s loving cousins, and with directions that he should return with them forthwith. This suited the

views of Vanslyperken; he wrote a long letter to the widow, in which he expressed his willingness to sacrifice every thing for her—not only to hang his dog, but to hang himself if she wished it—lamented his immediate orders for sailing, and hinted that, on his return, he ought to find her more favourable. The widow read the letter, and tossed it into the grate with a “Pish! I was not born yesterday, as the saying is,” cried the widow Vandersloosh.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which the ship's company join in a chorus, and the corporal goes on a cruise.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN is in his cabin, with Snarleyow at his side, sitting upon his haunches, and looking in his master's face, which wears an air of anxiety and discomfiture; the fact is, that Mr. Vanslyperken is anything but content; he is angry with the widow, with the ship's company, with the dog, and with himself; but his anger towards the dog is softened, for he feels that, if anything in this world loves him, it is the dog—not that his affection is great, but as much as the dog's nature will

permit; and, at all events, if the animal's attachment to him is not very strong, still he is certain that Snarley yow hates everybody else. It is astonishing how powerful is the feeling that is derived from habit and association. Now that the life of his cur was demanded by one, and, as he was aware, was sought for by many, Vanslyperken put a value upon him that was extraordinary. Snarley yow had become a precious jewel in the eyes of his master, and what he suffered in anxiety and disappointment from the perverse disposition of the animal, only endeared him the more. "Yes, my poor dog," apostrophised the lieutenant, "they would seek your life—nay, that hard-hearted woman demands that you should be laid—dead at her porch. All conspire against you, but be not afraid, my dog, your master will protect you against all.

Vanslyperken patted the animal on the head, which was not a little swelled from the blows received from the broom of Babette, and Snar-

leyyow rubbed his nose against his master's trousers, and then raised himself up, by putting his paw upon his master's knee. This brought the dog's head more to the light, and Vanslyperken observed that one eye was swelled and closed. He examined it, and, to his horror, found that it had been beaten out by the broom of Babette. There was no doubt of it, and Mr. Vanslyperken's choler was extreme. "Now, may all the curses of ophthalmia seize the faggot," cried the lieutenant; "I wish I had her here. My poor, poor dog!" and Vanslyperken kissed the os frontis of the cur, and what perhaps had never occurred since childhood, and what nothing else could have brought about, Mr. Vanslyperken *wept*—actually wept over an animal, which was not, from any qualification he possessed, worth the charges of the cord which would have hanged him. Surely the affections have sometimes a bent towards insanity.

After a short time the lieutenant rang his

bell, and ordered some warm water, to bathe the dog's eye. Corporal Van Spitter, as Smallbones was in his hammock, answered the summons, and when he returned aft with the water, he made known to Mr. Vanslyperken the mutinous expressions of Jemmy Ducks. The lieutenant's small eye twinkled with satisfaction. "Damned the Admiral, did he!—which one was it—Portsmouth or Plymouth?"

This, Corporal Van Spitter could not tell; but it was certain that Jemmy had damned his superior officer; "And moreover," continued the corporal, "he damned me." Now Mr. Vanslyperken had a great hatred against Jemmy Ducks, because he amused the ship's company, and he never could forgive any one who made people happy; moreover, he wanted some object to visit his wrath upon: so he asked a few more questions, and then dismissed the corporal, put on his tarpaulin hat, put his speaking-trumpet under his arm, and went

on deck, directing the corporal to appoint one of the marines to continue to bathe the eye of his favourite.

Mr. Vanslyperken looked at the dog-vane, and perceived that the wind was foul for sailing, and moreover, it would be dark in two hours, so he determined upon not starting till the next morning, and then he thought that he would punish Jemmy Ducks; but the question occurred to him whether he could do so or not. Was James Salisbury a boatswain by right or not? He received only the pay of a boatswain's mate, but he was styled boatswain on the books. It was a nice point, and the balance was even. Mr. Vanslyperken's own wishes turned the scale, and he resolved to flog Jemmy Ducks if he could. We say, if he could, for as, at that time, tyrannical oppression on the part of the superiors was winked at, and no complaints were listened to by the Admiralty, insubordination, which was the natural result, was

equally difficult to get over; and although on board of the larger vessels, the strong arm of power was certain to conquer, it was not always the case in the smaller, where the superiors were not in sufficient force, or backed by a numerous party of soldiers or marines, for there was then little difference between the two services. Mr. Vanslyperken had had more than one mutiny on board of the vessels which he had commanded, and, in one instance, his whole ship's company had taken the boats and gone on shore, leaving him by himself in the vessel, preferring to lose the pay due to them, than to remain longer on board. They joined other ships in the service, and no notice was taken of their conduct by the authorities. Such was the state of half discipline at the period we speak of in the service of the king. The ships were, in every other point, equally badly fitted out and manned; peculation of every kind was carried to excess, and those who were in com-

mand thought more of their own interest than of anything else. Ship's stores and provisions were constantly sold, and the want of the former was frequently the occasion of the loss of the vessel, and the sacrifice of the whole crew. Such maladministration is said to be the case even now in some of the continental navies. It is not until a long series of years have elapsed, that such regulations and arrangements as are at present so economically and beneficially administered to our navy, can be fully established.

Having settled the point so far, Mr. Vanslyperken then proceeded to debate in his own mind, whether he should flog Jemmy in harbour, or after he had sailed ; and feeling that if there was any serious disturbance on the part of the men, they might quit the vessel if in harbour, he decided that he would wait until he had them in blue water. His thoughts then reverted to the widow, and, as he turned and turned again, he clenched his fists in his great-

coat pockets, and was heard by those near him to grind his teeth.

In the mean time, the news had been imparted by the marine, who came up into the galley for more warm water, that the dog had had one of his eyes put out, and it was strange the satisfaction which this intelligence appeared to give to the ship's company. It was passed round like wildfire, and, when communicated, a beam of pleasure was soon apparent throughout the whole cutter, and for this simple reason, that the accident removed the fear arising from the supposition of the dog being supernatural, for the men argued, and with some reason, that if you could put out his eye, you could kill him altogether; for if you could destroy a part, you could destroy the whole. No one ever heard of the devil's eye being put out—*ergo*, the dog could not be a devil, or one of his imps: so argued a knot of the men in conclave, and Jansen wound up by observing, "Dat de tog was only a tog after all."

Vanslyperken returned to his cabin and stated his intentions to his fac-totum and confidant, Corporal Van Spitter. Now, in this instance, the corporal did not adhere to that secrecy to which he was bound, and the only reason we can give is, that he had as great a dislike to Jemmy Ducks as his lieutenant—for the corporal obeyed orders so exactly, that he considered it his duty not to have even an opinion or a feeling contrary to those of his superior officer. He was delighted at the idea of flogging Jemmy, and communicated the lieutenant's intention to the most favoured of his marines, who also told the secret to another, and thus in five minutes, it was known throughout the cutter, that as soon as they were in blue water, the little boatswain was to be tied up for having damned the admiral in a snow-storm. The consequence was, as the evening was clear, that there was a very numerous assemblage upon the forecastle of the cutter Yungfrau.

“ Flog Jemmy,” said Bill Spurey. “ Why, Jemmy’s a hofficer.”

“ To be sure he is,” observed another ; “ and quite as good a one as Vanslyperken himself, though he don’t wear brass on his hat.”

“ D—n it—what next—heh, Coble ?”

Coble hitched up his trowsers. “ It’s my opinion he’ll be for flogging *us* next, Short,” said the old man.

“ Yes,” replied Short.

“ Shall we allow Jemmy to be flogged ?”

“ No,” replied Short.

“ If it warn’t for them ere marines, and the lumpy beggar of a corporal,” observed one of the seamen.

“ Pish,” quoth Jemmy, who was standing among them.

“ Won’t he make it out mutiny ?” observed Spurey.

“ Mein Gott ! it was mutiny to flog de officer,” said Jansen.

“ That’s very true,” observed another.

“ But Jemmy can’t stand against the fat corporal and the six marines,” observed Bill Spurey.

“ One up and t’other down, I’ll take them all,” observed Jemmy, expanding his chest.

“ Yes, but they’ll all be down upon you at once, Jemmy.”

“ If they lays their hands upon an officer,” observed Coble, “ it will be mutiny ; and then Jemmy calls in the ship’s company to protect him.”

“ Exactly,” observed Jemmy.

“ And den, mein Gott, I zettle for de corporal,” observed Jansen.

“ I’ll play him a trick yet.”

“ But now, it’s no use palavering,” observed Spurey ; “ let’s come to some settlement. Obadiah, give us your opinion as to what’s best to be done.”

Hereupon Coble squirted out a modicum of ’baccy juice, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and said, “ It’s my opinion, that

the best way of getting one man out of a scrape, is to get all the rest in it. Jemmy, d'ye see, is to be hauled up for singing an old song, in which a wench very properly damns the admiral for sending a ship out on a Christmas Day, which, let alone the unchristian-like act, as you may know, my lads, always turns up on a Friday, a day on which nothing but being blown out from your anchors can warrant any vessel sailing on. Now, d'ye see, it may be mutiny to damn a live admiral, with his flag hoisted—I won't say but what it is—but this here admiral as Jemmy damned, is no more alive than a stock fish; and, moreover, it is not Jemmy as damns him, but Poll; therefore it can be no mutiny. Now, what I consider best is this, if so be it be against the articles—well, then, let's all be in for it together, and then Vanslyperken will be puzzled, and, moreover, it will give him a hint how matters stand, and he may think better of it; for although we must not have Jemmy touched, still it's

quite as well not to have a regular breeze with the jollies; for if so be that the Scarborough, or any other king's ship, be in port when we arrive, Vanslyperken may run under the guns, and then whip the whole boiling of us off to the Ingies, and glad to get us, too, and that's no joke. Now, that's my idea of the matter."

"Well, but you've not told us how we are all to get into it, Coble."

"More I have—well, that's funny; left out the whole burden of my song. Why, I consider that we had better now directly sing the song over again, all in chorus, and then we shall have damned the admiral a dozen times over; and Vanslyperken will hear us, and say to himself, 'They don't sing that song for nothing.' What do you say, Dick Short, you're first hofficer?"

"Yes," replied Short.

"Hurrah! my lads, then," cried Bill Spurey; "now then, strike up, Jemmy, and let us give it lots of mouth."

The song which our readers have already heard from the lips of Jemmy Ducks, was then sung by the whole of the men, *con animo e strepito*, and two verses had been roared out, when Corporal Van Spitter, in great agitation, presented himself at the cabin-door, where he found Mr. Vanslyperken very busy summing up his accounts.

“Mein Gott, sar! dere is de mutiny in de Yungfrau,” cried the corporal.

“Mutiny!” cried Vanslyperken, catching at his sword, which hung up on the bulk-head.

“Yaw, mynheer—de mutiny—hear now de ship’s company.”

Vanslyperken lent his ears, when the astounding chorus came rolling aft through the door of the cabin,

“I’ll give you a bit of my mind, old Hunks,
Port admiral—you be l

“Bow, wow, wow,” barked Snarley yow.

“ Why, it’s the whole ship’s company !” cried Vanslyperken.

“ All but de Corporal Vanspitter, and de six marines,” replied the corporal, raising his hand up to his head *à la militaire*.

“ Shut the door, corporal. This is indeed mutiny and defiance,” cried Vanslyperken, jumping up from his chair.

“ It is von tyfel of a song,” replied the corporal.

“ I must find out the ringleaders, corporal ; do you think that you could contrive to overhear what they say after the song is over ; they will be consulting together, and we might find out something.”

“ Mynheer, I’m not very small for to creep in and listen,” replied the corporal, casting his eyes down upon his huge carcase.

“ Are they all forward ?” inquired the lieutenant.

“ Yes, mynheer—not one soul baft.”

“ There is the small boat astern ; do you

think you could get softly into it, haul it up to the bows, and lie there quite still? You would then hear what they said, without their thinking of it, now that it is dark."

"I will try, mynheer," replied the corporal, who quitted the cabin.

But there were others who condescended to listen as well as the corporal, and in this instance, every word which had passed, had been overheard by Smallbones, who had been for some hours out of his hammock. When the corporal's hand touched the lock of the door, Smallbones made a hasty retreat.

Corporal Van Spitter went on the quarter-deck, which he found vacant; he hauled up the boat to the counter, and by degrees lowered into it his unwieldy carcass, which almost swamped the little conveyance. He then waited a little, and with difficulty forced the boat up against the strong flood-tide that was running, till at last he gained the chess-tree of the cutter, when he shortened in the

painter, (or rope that held the boat,) made it fast to a ring-bolt without being perceived, and there he lay concealed, not daring to move, for fear of making a noise.

Smallbones had, however, watched him carefully, and as the corporal sat in the middle thwart, with his face turned aft, catching but imperfectly the conversation of the men, the lad separated the painter with a sharp knife, and at the same time dropping his foot down, gave the bow of the boat a shove off, which made it round with the stream. The tide was then running five or six miles an hour, and before the corporal, in the utter darkness, could make out what had occurred, or raise his heavy carcass to assist himself, he was whirled away by the current clear of the vessel, and soon disappeared from the sight of Smallbones, who was watching his progress.

It is true that the corporal shouted for assistance when he found himself astern, and also that he was heard by the men, but Small-

bones had leaped among them, and in a few words told them what he had done; so of course they took no notice, but rubbed their hands with delight at the idea of the corporal being adrift like a bear in a washing-tub, and they all prayed for a gale of wind to come on that he might be swamped, and most of them remained on deck to hear what Mr. Vanslyperken would say and do when the corporal's absence was discovered. Mr. Vanslyperken remained nearly two hours without sending for the corporal; at last, surprised at not seeing him return, he went on deck. The men on the fore-castle perceiving this, immediately disappeared gently down the fore-hatchway. Mr. Vanslyperken walked forward and found that every one was, as he supposed, either in bed or below; for in harbour the corporal kept one of the watches, and this night it was his first watch. Vanslyperken looked over the side all round the cutter, and could see no boat and no Corporal Vanspitter, and it imme-

diately occurred to him that the corporal must have gone adrift, and he was very much puzzled how to act. It would be flood-tide for two hours more, and then the whole ebb would run before it was daylight. Corporal Vanspitter would traverse the whole Zuyder Zee before they might find him. Unless he had the fortune to be picked up by some small craft, he might perish with cold and hunger. He could not sail without him; for what could he do without Corporal Vanspitter, his protection, his factotum, his distributor of provisions, &c. The loss was irreparable, and Mr. Vanslyperken, when he thought of the loss of the widow's favour and the loss of his favourite, acknowledged with bitterness that his star was not in the ascendant. After some reflection, Mr. Vanslyperken thought that as nothing could be gained by making the fact known, the wisest thing that he could do was to go to bed and say nothing about it, leaving the whole of the ulterior proceedings until the loss of the

boat should be reported to him in the morning. Having arranged this in his mind, Mr. Vanslyperken took two or three turns more, and then went down and turned in.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which some new characters appear on the stage,
although the Corporal is not to be heard of.

THE loss of the boat was reported by Obadiah Coble at daylight, and Mr. Vanslyperken immediately went on deck with his spy-glass to ascertain if he could distinguish the corporal coming down with the last of the ebb-tide, but he was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Vanslyperken went to the mast-head and surveyed in every direction, but he could neither see anything like the boat or Corporal Vanspitter. His anxiety betrayed to the men that he was a party

to the corporal's proceedings, and they whispered among themselves. At last Mr. Vanslyperken came down on deck, and desired Corporal Vanspitter to be sent to him. Of course, it was soon reported to him that Corporal Vanspitter was nowhere to be found, and Mr. Vanslyperken pretended to be much astonished. As the lieutenant took it for granted that the boat had been swept out with the ebb, he determined to get under weigh in pursuance of his orders, pick up the corporal, if he could find him, and then proceed to Portsmouth, which was the port of his destination. Smallbones attended his master, and was so unusually active that the suspicious Mr. Vanslyperken immediately decided that he had had a finger in the business; but he took no notice, resolving in his own mind that Smallbones should some day or another be adrift himself as the corporal was, but with this difference, that there should be no search made after him. As soon as the men had finished their breakfasts, the

cutter was got under weigh and proceeded to sea. During the whole day Vanslyperken cruised in the Zuyder Zee looking for the boat, but without success, and at last he unwillingly shaped his course for England, much puzzled and perplexed, as now he had no one to act as his steward to whom he could confide, or by whose arrangements he could continue to defraud the ship's company; and, farther, he was obliged to put off for the present all idea of punishing Jemmy Ducks, for, without the corporal, the marines were afraid to move a step in defiance of the ship's company. The consequence was, that the three days that they were at sea Mr. Vanslyperken confined himself altogether to his cabin, for he was not without some fears for his own safety. On his arrival at Portsmouth, he delivered his letters to the admiral, and received orders to return to his cruising ground after the smugglers as soon as he had replaced his lost boat.

We have observed that Mr. Vanslyperken

had no relations on this side of the water; but in saying that, we referred to the epoch that he was in the service previous to the accession of King William. Since that, and about a year from the time we are now writing about, he had brought over his mother, whom he had not, till the peace, seen for years, and had established her in a small apartment in that part of the town now known by the name of the Halfway Houses. The old woman lived upon a small pension allowed by the Dutch court, having been employed for many years in a subordinate capacity in the king's household. She was said to have once been handsome, and when young prodigal of her favours; at present she was a palsied old woman, bent double with age and infirmity, but with all her faculties as complete as if she was in her prime. Nothing could escape her little twinkling bloodshot eyes or her acute ear; she could scarcely hobble fifty yards, but she kept no servant to assist her, for, like her son, she

was avaricious in the extreme. What crime she had committed was not known, but that something lay heavy on her conscience was certain ; but if there was guilt, there was no repentance, only fear of future punishment. Cornelius Vanslyperken was her only living child : she had been twice married. The old woman did not appear to be very fond of him, although she treated him still as a child, and executed her parental authority as if he were still in petticoats. Her coming over was a sort of mutual convenience. She had saved money, and Vanslyperken wished to secure that, and also have a home and a person to whom he could trust ; and she was so abhorred, and the reports against her so shocking where she resided, that she was glad to leave a place where every one, as she passed, would get out of her way, as if to avoid contamination. Yet these reports were vague, although hinting at some horrid and appalling crimes. No one knew what they exactly were, for the old

woman had outlived her contemporaries, and the tradition was imperfect, but she had been handed down to the next generation as one to be avoided as a basilisk.

It was to his mother's abode, one room on the second floor, to which Mr. Vanslyperken proceeded as soon as he had taken the necessary steps for the replacing of the boat. As he ascended the stairs, the quick ear of the old woman heard his footstep, and recognised it. It must be observed, that all the conversation between Vanslyperken and his mother was carried on in Dutch, of which we, of course, give the translation.

“ There you come, Cornelius Vanslyperken ; I hear you, and by your hurried tread you are vexed. Well, why should you not be vexed as well as your mother, in this world of devils ? ”

This was a soliloquy of the old woman's before that Vanslyperken had entered the room, where he found his mother sitting over a few

cinders half ignited in a very small grate. Parsimony would not allow her to use more fuel, although her limbs trembled as much from cold as palsy; her nose and chin nearly met; her lips were like old scars, and of an ashy white; and her sunken hollow mouth reminded you of a small, deep, dark sepulchre; teeth she had none.

“How fare you, mother?” said Vanslyperken on entering the room.

“I’m alive.”

“And long may you live, dear mother.”

“Ah,” replied the woman, as if doubting.

“I am here but for a short time,” continued Vanslyperken.

“Well, child, so much the better; when on board you save money, on shore you must spend some. Have you brought any with you?”

“I have, mother, which I must leave to your care.”

“Give it me then.”

Vanslyperken pulled out a bag and laid it on the lap of his mother, whose trembling hands counted it over.

“Gold, and good gold—while you live, my child, part not with gold. I’ll not die yet—no, no, the devils may pull at me, and grin at me, but I’m not their’s yet.”

Here the old woman paused, and rocked herself in her chair.

“Cornelius, lock this money up and give me the key :—there, now that is safe, you may talk, if you please, child : I can hear well enough.”

Vanslyperken obeyed ; he mentioned all the events of the last cruise, and his feelings against the widow, Smallbones, and Jemmy Ducks. The old woman never interrupted him, but sat with her arms folded up in her apron.

“Just so, just so,” said she, at last, when he had done speaking ; “I felt the same, but then you have not the soul to

act as I did. I could do it, but you—you are a coward; no one dared cross my path, or if they did—ah, well, that's years ago, and I'm not dead yet."

All this was muttered by the old woman in a sort of half soliloquy: she paused and continued, "Better leave the boy alone,—get nothing by it;—the woman—there's work there, for there's money."

"But she refuses, mother, if I do not destroy the dog."

"Refuses—ah, well—let me see:—can't you ruin her character, blast her reputation; she is yours and her money too;—then, then—there will be money and revenge—both good;—but money—no—yes, money's best. The dog must live, to gnaw the Jezebel—gnaw her bones—but you, you are a coward—you dare do nothing."

"What do I fear, mother?"

"Man—the gallows, and death. I fear the last, but I shall not die yet:—no, no, I *will*

live—I will *not* die. Ay, the corporal—lost in Zuyder Zee—dead men tell no tales; and he could tell many of you, my child. Let the fish fatten on him.”

“ I cannot do without him, mother.”

“ A hundred thousand devils !” exclaimed the old mother, “ that I should have suffered such throes for a craven. Cornelius Vanslyperken, you are not like your mother :—your father, indeed——”

“ Who was my father ?”

“ Silence, child,—there, go away—I wish to be alone with memory.”

Vanslyperken, who knew that resistance or remonstrance would be useless, and only lead to bitter cursing and imprecation on the part of the old woman, rose and walked back to the sallyport, where he slipped into his boat and pulled on board of the Yungfrau, which lay at anchor in the harbour, about a cable’s length from the shore.

“ Here he comes,” cried a tall bony woman,

with nothing on her head but a cap with green faded ribbons, who was standing on the fore-castle of the cutter. "Here he comes;—he, the villain, as would have flogged my Jemmy." This was the wife of Jemmy Ducks, who lived at Portsmouth, and who, having heard what had taken place, vowed revenge.

"Silence, Moggy," said Jemmy, who was standing by her.

"Yes, I'll hold my tongue till the time comes, and then I'll sarve him out, the cheating wagabond."

"Silence, Moggy."

"And as for that 'peaching old Corporal Blubber, I'll *Wan Spitter* him if ever he turns up again to blow the gaff against my own dear Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy—there's rowed of all, and a marine at your elbow."

"Let him take that for his trouble," cried Moggy, turning round, and delivering a swinging box of the ear upon the astonished marine,

who not liking to encounter such an Amazon, made a hasty retreat down the fore-hatchway.

“So there you are, are you?” continued Moggy, as Vanslyperken stepped on the deck.

“Silence, Moggy.”

“You, that would flog my own dear darling duck—my own Jemmy.”

“Silence! Moggy, will you?” said Jemmy Ducks, in an angry tone, “or I’ll smash your peepers.”

“You must climb on the gun to reach them, my little man,” replied his wife. “Well, the more I holds my tongue now, the more for him when I gets hold on him. Oh! he’s gone to his cabin, has he, to kiss his Snarley yow:—I’ll make *smallbones* of that beast afore I’m done with him. Flog my Jemmy—my own, dear, darling Jemmy—a nasty lean——”

“Go down below, Moggy,” said Jemmy Ducks, pushing her towards the hatchway.

“ Snivelling, great-coated——”

“ Go below,” continued Jemmy, shoving her.

“ Ferret-eyed, razor-nosed——”

“ Go down below, will you ?” cried Jemmy, pushing her near to the hatchway.

“ Herring-gutted, bare-poled——”

“ Confound it ! go below.”

“ Cheating rip of a wagabond ! Lord, Jemmy, if you a’n’t a shoved me down the hatchway ! Well, never mind, my darling, let’s go to supper ;” and Moggy caught hold of her husband as she was going down, and with surprising strength lifted him off his legs and carried him down in her arms as she would have done a child, much to the amusement of the men who were standing on the forecastle.

When it was dusk, a boat dropped alongside of the cutter, and a man stepped out of it on the deck, when he was met by Obadiah Coble, who asked him, “ What’s your pleasure ?”

“ I must speak with the commander of this vessel directly.”

“ Wait a moment, and I’ll tell him what you say,” replied Coble, who reported the message to Mr. Vanslyperken.

“ What sort of a person is he ?” demanded the lieutenant.

“ Oh, I don’t know,—sort of half-bred, long-shore chap—looks something between a bum-bailey and a bumboatman.”

“ Well, you may show him down.”

The man, who shortly after entered the cabin, was a short, punchy little fellow, with a red waistcoat, knee-breeches, and a round jacket of green cloth. His face was covered with carbuncles, some of them so large that his small pug-nose was nothing more in appearance than a larger blotch than the others. His eyes were small and keen, and his whiskers of a deep red. As soon as he entered the cabin, he very deliberately locked the door after him.

“ Nothing like making sure,” observed he.

“ Why, what the devil do you want ?” exclaimed Vanslyperken, rather alarmed ; while Snarley yow walked round and round the thick calves of the man’s legs, growling, and in more than two minds to have a bite through his blue worsted stockings ; and the peculiar obliquity with which he carried his head, now that he surveyed with only one eye, was by no means satisfactory.

“ Take your cur away, and let us proceed to business, for there is no time to lose,” said the man coolly, taking a chair. “ Now there can be no eaves-dropping, I trust, for my life may be forfeited, if I’m discovered.”

“ I cannot understand a word of all this,” replied Vanslyperken, much surprised.

“ In a few words, do you want to put some five thousand pounds in your pocket ?”

At this question Vanslyperken became attentive. He beat off the dog, and took a chair by the side of the stranger.

“ Ah ! interest will always bring civility ; so now to the point. You command this cutter, do you not ? ”

“ I do,” replied Vanslyperken.

“ Well, you are about to cruise after the smugglers ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I can give information of a cargo to be landed on a certain night worth ten thousand pounds or more.”

“ Indeed ! ” replied Vanslyperken.

“ Yes, and put your boats in such a position that they must seize the whole.”

“ I’m very much obliged to you. Will you take something, sir, any scheedam ? ” said Vanslyperken, unlocking one of his cupboards, and producing a large stone bottle, and a couple of glasses, which he filled.

“ This is very good stuff,” observed the man ; “ I’ll trouble you for another glass.”

“ This was one more than Mr. Vanslyperken intended ; but on second thoughts, it would

make his new acquaintance more communicative, so another was filled, and as soon as it was filled, it was emptied.

“Capital stuff!” said he of the rubicund face, shoving his glass towards Vanslyperken, by way of hint; but the lieutenant would not take the hint, as his new guest had already swallowed as much as lasted himself for a week.

“But now,” observed Vanslyperken, “where is this cargo to be seen, and when?”

“That’s tellings,” replied the man.

“I know that; but you have come to tell, or what the devil else?” replied Vanslyperken, who was getting angry.

“That’s according,” replied the man.

“According to what?”

“The snacks,” replied the man. “What will you give up?”

“Give up! How do you mean?”

“What is my share to be?”

“Share! you can’t share—you’re not a king’s officer.”

“No, but I’m an informer, and that’s the same thing.”

“Well, depend upon it, I’ll behave very liberally.”

“How much, I ask?”

“We’ll see to that afterwards; something handsome, depend upon it.”

“That won’t do. Wish you good evening, sir. Many thanks for the scheedam—capital stuff!” and the man rose from his chair.

But Mr. Vanslyperken had no intention to let him go; his avarice induced him at first to try if the man would be satisfied with his promise to reward him—a promise which would certainly never have been adhered to.

“Stop! my dear sir, do not be in such a hurry. Take another glass.”

“With pleasure,” replied the man, re-seating himself, and drinking off the scheedam.

“That’s really prime; I like it better every

time I taste it. Now, then, shall we go to business again? I'll be plain with you. Half is my conditions, or I don't inform."

"Half!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "half of ten thousand pounds? What, five thousand pounds?"

"Exactly so; half of ten is five, as you say."

"What, give you five thousand pounds?"

"I rather think it is I who offer you five thousand, for the devil a penny will you get without me. And that I will have, and this bond you must sign to that effect, or I'm off. You're not the only vessel in the harbour."

Vanslyperken tried for some time to reduce the terms, but the man was positive. Vanslyperken then tried if he could not make the man intoxicated, and thus obtain better terms; but fifteen glasses of his prime scheedam had no effect further than extorting unqualified praise as it was poured down, and at last Mr. Vanslyperken unwillingly consented to the terms, and the bond was signed.

“ We must weigh at the ebb,” said the man, as he put the bond in his pocket. “ I shall stay on board ; we have a moonlight night, and if we had not, I could find my way out in a yellow fog. Please to get your boats all ready, manned, and armed, for there may be a sharp tussle.”

“ But when do they run, and where ? ” demanded Vanslyperken.

“ To-morrow night at the back of the Isle. Let me see,” continued the man, taking out his watch ; “ mercy on me ! how time has flown—that’s the scheedam. In a couple of hours we must weigh. I’ll go up and see if the wind holds in the same quarter. If you please, lieutenant, we’ll just drink success to the expedition. Well, that’s prime stuff, I do declare.”

CHAPTER XV.

In which the crew of the Yungfrau lose a good prize,
and Snarleyyow loses his character.

THE next morning the Yungfrau was clear of St. Helens, and sounding the eastern part of the Isle of Wight, after which she made sail into the offing, that she might not be suspected by those on shore waiting to receive the cargo. The weather was fine, and the water smooth, and as soon as she was well out, the cutter was hove to. In the hurry of weighing, Mr. Vanslyperken had not thought, or had not known perhaps, that the wife of Jemmy Ducks was still on board, and as he was turning up

and down on the quarter-deck, he perceived her on the forecastle, laughing and talking with the men.

“What woman is that?” said he to Jansen, who was at the wheel.

“De frau, mynheer. Dat is de frau of Shimmy Duk.”

“How dare she come on board? Send her aft here, marine.”

The marine went forward and gave the order; and Jemmy, who expected a breeze, told his wife to behave herself quietly. His advice did not, however, appear to be listened to, as will be shown in the sequel.

“How came you on board, woman?” cried Vanslyperken, looking at her from top to toe several times, as usual, with his hands in his great-coat pockets, and his battered speaking-trumpet under his arm.

“How did I come on board! why, in a boat to be sure,” replied Moggy, determined to have a breeze.

“ Why did you not go on shore before the cutter sailed ? ” replied Vanslyperken, in an angry tone.

“ Why, just for the contrary reason, because there was no boat.”

“ Well, I’ll just tell you this, if ever I see you on board again, you’ll take the consequences,” retorted Vanslyperken.

“ And I’ll just tell you this,” replied Moggy ; “ if ever you come on shore again you shall take the consequences. I’ll have you—I give you warning. Flog my Jemmy, heh ! my own dear darling Jemmy.” Hereupon Moggy held out one arm bent, and with the palm of her other hand slapped her elbow—“ *There !*” cried she.

What Jemmy’s wife meant by this sign, it is impossible for us to say ; but that it was a very significant one was certain, for Mr. Vanslyperken foamed with rage, and all the cutter’s crew were tittering and laughing. It was a

species of free-masonry known only to the initiated at the Sally Port.

“Send the marines aft here. Take this woman below,” cried Vanslyperken. “I shall put all this down to your husband’s account, and give him a receipt in full, depend upon it.”

“So you may. Marines, keep off, if you don’t wish your heads broken; and I’ll put all this down to your account; and as you say that you’ll pay off my pet, mark my words, if I don’t pay off on your’s—on your nasty cur there. I’ll send him to cruise after Corporal Van Spitter. As sure as I stand here, if you dare to lay a finger on my Jemmy, I’ll kill the brute wherever I find him, and make him into *saussingers*, just for the pleasure of eating him. I’ll send you a pound as a present. You marine, don’t be a fool—I can walk forward without your hofferin’ your arm, and be d——d to you.” So saying, Moggy stalked

forward and joined the men on the fore-castle.

“D’ye know much of that strapping lass?” said Mr. Vanslyperken’s new acquaintance.

“Not I,” replied Vanslyperken, not much pleased at the observation.

“Well, look out for squalls, she’ll be as good as her word. We’ll draw the foresheet, and stand in now, if you please.”

It was about dusk, for the days were now short, and the cutter was eight miles off the land. By the directions of the informer, for we have no other name to give him, they now bore up and ran along the island until they were, by his calculations, for it then was dark, abreast of a certain point close to the Black Gang Chyne. Here they hove to, hoisted out their boats, three in number, and the men were sent in, well armed with pistols and cutlasses. Short had the charge of one, Coble of the second, the stern sheets of the third was occupied by Vanslyperken and the informer.

As soon as all was ready, Jemmy Ducks, who, much to Vanslyperken's wish, was left in charge of the cutter, received his orders to lie-to where he was, and when the tide made flood, to stand close in shore; and all was prepared for a start, when it occurred to Vanslyperken that to leave Snarley yow, after the threat of Jemmy's wife, and the known animosity of Smallbones, would be his death-warrant. He determined, therefore, to take him in the boat. The informer protested against it, but Vanslyperken would not listen to his protestations. The dog was handed into the boat, and they shoved off. After they had pulled a quarter of an hour in shore, they altered their course, and continued along the coast until the informer had made out exactly where he was. He then desired the other two boats to come alongside, told the crews that they must keep the greatest silence, as where they were about to proceed was directly under where the smugglers would have a party to receive the goods, and that the least

alarm would prevent them from making the capture. The boats then pulled in to some large rocks, against which the waves hoarsely murmured, although the sea was still smooth, and passing between them, found themselves in a very small cove, where the water was still, and in which there was deep water.

The cove was not defended so much by the rocks above water, for the mouth of it was wide; but there appeared to be a ridge below, which broke off the swell of the ocean. Neither was it deep, the beach not being more than perhaps fifty feet from the entrance. The boats, which had pulled in with muffled oars, here lay quietly for nearly an hour, when a fog came on and obscured the view of the offing, which otherwise was extensive, as the moon was at her full, and had shone bright.

“This is all the better,” whispered the informer, “they will fall into the trap at once. Hark! hist! I hear oars.”

They all listened; it was true, the sound of

oars was heard, and the men prepared their arms.

The splash of the oars was now more plain. "Be silent and ready," whispered the informer, and the whisper was passed round. In another minute a large lugger-built boat, evidently intended for sailing as well as pulling, was seen through the fog looming still larger from the mist, pulling into the cove.

"Silence, and not a word. Let her pass us," whispered the informer.

The boat approached rapidly—she was within ten fathoms of the entrance, when Snarley yow, hearing the sound, darted forward under the thwarts, and jumping on the bow of the boat, commenced a most unusual and prolonged baying of Bow wow, bow wow wow wow !

At the barking of the dog the smugglers backed water to stop their way. They knew that there was no dog with those they expected to meet, it was therefore clear that the Philis-

tines were at hand. The dog barked in spite of all attempts to prevent him, and acting upon this timely warning, the lugger-boat pulled short round, just as lights were shown from the cliffs to notify an enemy at hand, for the barking of the dog had not escaped the vigilance of those on shore, and in a few seconds she disappeared in the mist.

“Blast your cur! Five thousand pounds out of my pocket;” exclaimed the informer. “I told you so. Chuck him overboard, my men, for your pockets would have been lined.”

Vanslyperken was as savage, and exclaimed, “Give way, my men, give way; we’ll have them yet.”

“Send a cow to chase a hare,” replied the informer, throwing himself back in the stern sheets of the boat. “I know better; you may save yourself the trouble, and the men the fatigue. May the devil take you, and your cursed dog with you! Who but a fool would have brought a dog upon such an occasion?”

Well, I've lost five thousand pounds; but there's one comfort, you've lost too. That will be a valuable beast, if you put all down to his account."

At this moment Vanslyperken was so much annoyed at the loss of what would have been a fortune to him, that he felt as angry as the informer. The boats' crew were equally enraged, the dog was pommelled, and kicked, and passed along from one to the other, until he at last gained the stern sheets, and crouched between the legs of his master, who kicked him away in a rage, and he saved himself under the legs of the informer, who, seizing a pistol, struck him with the butt-end of it such a blow, that nothing but the very thick skull of the dog could have saved him. Snarley yow was at a sad discount just then, but he very wisely again sought protection with his master, and this time he was not noticed.

"What are we to do now?" observed Vanslyperken.

“Go back again, like dogs with their tails between their legs; but observe, Mr. Lieutenant, you have made me your enemy, and that is more serious than you think for.”

“Silence, sir, you are in a king’s boat.”

“The king be d——d,” replied the informer, falling back sulkily against the gunnel of the boat.

“Give way, men, and pull on board,” said Vanslyperken, in equally bad humour.

In equally bad humour the men did give way, and in about an hour were on board of the cutter.

Every one was in a bad humour when the affair was made known; but Smallbones observed, “that the dog could be no such great friend, as supposed, of Vanslyperken’s, to thwart his interests in that way; and certainly no imp sent by the devil to his assistance.” The ship’s company were consoled with this idea, and Jansen again repeated, “that the *tog* was but a *tog*, after all.”

CHAPTER XVI.

In which we change the scene, and the sex of our performers.

WE must now leave the cutter to return to Portsmouth, while we introduce to our readers a new and strange association. We stated that the boats had been ensconced in a very small cove at the back of the Isle of Wight. Above these hung the terrific cliff of the Black Gang Chyne, which, to all appearance, was inaccessible. But this was not the case, or the smugglers would not have resorted there to disembark their cargo. At that time, for since that period much of the cliff has fallen down,

and the aspect is much changed, the rocks rose up from the water nearly perpendicularly, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. At that height there was a flat of about one hundred feet square in front of a cave of very great depth. The flat, so called in contradistinction to the perpendicular cliff, descended from the seaward to the cave, so that the latter was not to be seen either by vessels passing by, or by those who might be adventurous enough to peep over the ridge above; and fragments of rocks, dispersed here and there on this flat, or platform, induced people to imagine that the upper cliff was a continuation of the lower. The lower cliff, on which this platform in front of the cave was situated, was on the eastern side as abrupt as on that fronting the sea to the southward; but on the western side, its height was decreased to about fifteen feet, which was surmounted by a ladder removed at pleasure. To this means of access to the cave there was a zigzag path,

used only by the smugglers, leading from the small cove, and another much more tedious, by which they could transport their goods to the summit of this apparently inaccessible mass of rocks. The cave itself was large, and with several diverging galleries, most of which were dry ; but in one or two there was a continual filtering of clear pure water through the limestone rock, which was collected in pits dug for that purpose on the floor below ; these pits were always full of water, the excess being carried off by small open drains which trickled over the eastern side of the platform. Some attention to comfort had been paid by the inhabitants of these caverns, which were portioned off here and there by sail-cloth and boards, so as to form separate rooms and storehouses. The cookery was carried on outside at the edge of the platform nearest the sea, under an immense fragment of rock, which lay at the very edge ; and by an ingenious arrangement of smaller

portions of the rock neither the flame was to be distinguished, nor was the smoke, which was divided and made to find its passage through a variety of fissures, never in such a volume as to be supposed to be anything more than the vapours drawn up by the heat of the sun.

In this abode there were at least thirty people residing, and generally speaking, it might be called a convent, for it was tenanted by women. Their husbands, who brought over the cargoes, returning immediately in their boat to the opposite shore, for two reasons; one, that their boats could only land in particular seasons, and could never remain in the cove without risk of being dashed to pieces; and the other, that the absence of all men prevented suspicion; the whole of the interior smuggling being carried on by the other sex, who fearlessly showed themselves on every part of the island, and purchased their necessary supplies of provisions here and there, without exciting any misgivings as to the nature of their employ-

ment. A few isolated cottages, not far from the beetling brow of the cliff above, were their supposed abodes; but no one ever troubled them with a visit, and if they did, and found that they could gain no admittance, they imagined that the occupants had locked their doors for security, while they were busied with their labours in the field. Accustomed to climb up the tortuous path from the cave to the summit, the women would, on the darkest night, carry up their burdens and deposit them in the cottages above, until they had an opportunity of delivering their contraband articles into the hands of their agents; and this traffic had been carried on for many years, without the government or excise having the slightest suspicion by what means the smuggling was accomplished. As we before observed, the great articles in request, and which were now smuggled from France, were alamodes and lutestrings. The attention of government had been called to check the admission of these

goods, but hitherto their attempts had not been attended with much success.

At the grey of the morning after the attempt to seize the smugglers had been defeated by the instrumentality of Snarley yow, upon the top of the immense fragment of the rock which we have described as lying upon the sea-edge of the platform, was perched a fair, slight-made little girl, of about twelve years of age. She was simply clad in a short worsted petticoat and bodice of a dark colour; her head was bare, and her hair fluttered with the breeze; her small feet, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were also naked, and her short petticoat discovered her legs half way up to the knee. She stood there, within a few inches of the precipice below, carelessly surveying the waves as they dashed over the rocks, for she was waiting until the light would enable her to see further on the horizon. By those who might have leaned over the ridge above, as well as by those who sailed below, she might have

been taken, had she been seen to move, for some sea bird reposing after a flight, so small was her frame in juxtaposition with the wildness and majesty of nature which surrounded her on every side. Accustomed from infancy to her mode of life, and this unusual domicile, her eye quailed not, nor did her heart beat quicker, as she looked down into the abyss below, or turned her eyes up to the beetling mass of rock which appeared, each moment, ready to fall down and overwhelm her. She passed her hand across her temples to throw back the hair which the wind had blown over her eyes, and again scanned the distance as the sun's light increased, and the fog gradually cleared away.

“ A sharp look out, Lilly, dear ; you've the best eyes among us, and we must have a clue from whence last night's surprise proceeded.”

“ I can see nothing yet, mother ; but the fog is driving back fast.”

“ It's but a cheerless night your poor father

had, to pull twice across the channel, and find himself just where he was. God speed them, and may they be safe in port again by this time."

"I say so too, mother, and amen."

"D'ye see nothing, child?"

"Nothing, dear mother; but it clears up fast to the eastward, and the sun is bursting out of the bank, and I think I see something under the sun."

"Watch well, Lilly," replied the woman, who was throwing more wood on the fire.

"I see a vessel, mother. It is a sloop beating to the eastward."

"A coaster, child?"

"No, mother, I think not. No, it is no coaster—it is that king's vessel, I think, but the glare of the sun is too great. When he rises higher I shall make it out better."

"Which do you mean, the king's cutter on the station, the Yungfrau?"

"Yes, mother," replied Lilly, "it is. I'm sure it is the Yungfrau."

“Then it is from her that the boats came last night. She must have received some information. There must be treachery somewhere; but we’ll soon find that out.”

It may appear singular that Lilly could speak so positively as to a vessel at a great distance; but it must be remembered that she had been brought up to it, nearly all her life. It was her profession, and she had lived wholly with seamen and seamen’s wives, which will account for her technical language being so correct. What Lilly said was true; it was the Yungfrau, which was beating up to regain her port, and having to stem a strong ebb tide during the night, had not made very great progress.

“There are three other vessels in the offing,” said Lilly, looking round, “a ship and two brigs, both going down channel:” and as she said this, the little thing dropped lightly from rock to rock till she stood by her mother, and commenced rubbing her hands before the now blazing fire.

“Nancy must go over to Portsmouth,” observed the mother, “and find out all about this. I hardly know whom to suspect; but let Nancy alone, she’ll ferret out the truth—she has many gossips at the Point. Whoever informed against the landing, must know of this cave.”

But we must introduce the mother of Lilly to the reader. She was a tall, finely-featured woman, her arms beautifully moulded, and bare. She was rather inclined to be stout, but her figure was magnificent. She was dressed in the same costume as her daughter, with the exception of a net worsted shawl of many colours over her shoulders. Her appearance gave you the idea that she was never intended for the situation which she was now in; but of that hereafter. As the reader may have observed, her language was correct, as was that of the child, and proved that she had not only been educated herself, but had paid attention to the bringing up of Lilly. The most perfect

confidence appeared to subsist between the mother and daughter: the former treated her child as her equal, and confided everything to her; and Lilly was far advanced beyond her age in knowledge and reflection; her countenance beamed with intelligence; perhaps a more beautiful and more promising creature never existed.

A third party now appeared from the cave; although not in canonicals, his dress indicated his profession of a priest. He approached the mother and daughter with, "Peace be with you, ladies."

"You forget, good father," replied the elder of the females, "my name is Alice—nothing more."

"I crave pardon for my forgetting who you were. I will be more mindful. Well, then, Alice—yet that familiar term sounds strangely, and my tongue will not accustom itself, even were I to remain here weeks, instead of but two days—I was about to say, that the affair

of last night was most untoward. My presence is much wished for, and much required, at St. Germain's. It was unfortunate, because it proves that we have traitors among us somewhere; but of that, and of the whole affair, I will have cognizance in a few days."

"And should you discover the party?"

"His doom is sealed."

"You are right."

"In so important and so righteous a cause, we must not stop at aught necessary to secure our purpose. But, tell me, think you that your husband will soon be here again?"

"I should think not to-night, but to-morrow or the next he will be off; and if we can show the signals of surety he will land, if the weather will permit."

"'Tis indeed time that I were over. Something might now be done."

"I would so too, father; it is a tedious time that I have spent here."

"And most unfitting for you, were it not

that you laboured in a great cause ; but it must soon be decided, and then that fair lily shall be transplanted, like a wild flower from the rock, and be nurtured in a conservatory."

"Nay, for that, the time is hardly come. She is better here, as you see her, father, than in the chambers of a court. For her sake I would still remain ; but for my husband's sake, and the perils he encounters, I wish that one way or the other it were decided."

"Had there been faith in that Italian, it had been so before now," replied the priest, grinding his teeth, and turning away.

But the conversation was closed at the appearance of some women who came out of the cave. They were variously clothed, some coarsely, and others with greater pretensions to finery : they brought with them the implements for cooking, and appeared surprised at the fire being already lighted. Among them was one about twenty-five years of age, and although more faded than she ought to have been at that

early age, still with pretensions to almost extreme beauty. She was more gaily dressed than the others, and had a careless, easy air about her, which suited to her handsome, slight figure. It was impossible to see her without being interested, and desiring to know who she was.

This person was the Nancy mentioned by Alice in her conversation with Lilly. Her original name had been Nancy Dawson, but she had married one of the smugglers, of the name of Corbett. Her original profession, previous to her marriage, we will not dwell upon ; suffice it to say, that she was the most celebrated person of that class in Portsmouth, both for her talent and extreme beauty. Had she lived in the days of King Charles II., and had he seen her, she would have been more renowned than ever was Eleanor Gwynne ; even as it was, she had been celebrated in a song, which has not been lost to posterity. After a

few years of dissipated life, Nancy reformed, and became an honest woman, and an honest wife. By her marriage with the smuggler, she had become one of the fraternity, and had taken up her abode in the cave, which she was not sorry to do, as she had become too famous at Portsmouth to remain there as a married woman. Still she occasionally made her appearance, and to a certain degree kept up her old acquaintances, that she might discover what was going on—very necessary information for the smugglers. She would laugh, and joke, and have her repartee as usual, but in other points she was truly reformed. Her acquaintance was so general, and she was such a favourite, that she was of the greatest use to the band, and was always sent over to Portsmouth when her services were required. It was supposed there, for she had reported it, that she had retired to the Isle of Wight, and lived there with her husband, who was a pilot,

and that she came over to Portsmouth occasionally, to inquire after her old friends, and upon business.

“Nancy Corbett, I must speak to you,” said Alice. “Come aside: I wish you, Nancy, to go over immediately. Can you go up, do you think, without being perceived?”

“Yes, Mistress Alice, provided there is no one to see me.”

“The case is so important, that we must run the risk.”

“We’ve run cargoes of more value than that.”

“But still you must use discretion, Nancy.”

“That’s a commodity that I’ve not been very well provided with through life; but I have my wits in its stead.”

“Then you must use your wit, Nancy.”

“It’s like an old knife, well worn, but all the sharper.”

Alice then entered into a detail of what she would find out, and gave her instructions to

Nancy. The first point was, to ascertain whether it was the cutter which had received the information ; the second, who the informer was.

Nancy, having received her orders, tied the strings of her bonnet, caught up a handful of the victuals which were at the fire, and bidding the others a laughing good-bye, with her mouth full, and one hand also occupied, descended the ladder, previously to mounting the cliff.

“ Nancy,” said Lilly, who stood by the ladder, “ bring me some pens.”

“ Yes, dear ; will you have them alive, or dead ?”

“ Nonsense, I mean some quills.”

“ So do I, Miss Lilly ; but if you want them dead, I shall bring them in my pocket—if alive, I shall bring the goose under my arm.”

“ I only want the quills, Nancy,” replied Lilly, laughing.

“ And I think I shall want the feathers of them before I’m at the top,” replied Nancy,

looking up at the majestic cliff above her.

“ Good-bye, Miss Lilly.”

Nancy Corbett again filled her handsome mouth with bread, and commenced her ascent. In less than a quarter of an hour she had disappeared over the ridge.

7

CHAPTER XVII.

In which there is a great deal of plotting, and a little execution.

WE will follow Nancy Corbett for the present. Nancy gained the summit of the cliff, and panting for breath, looked round to ascertain if there was any one in sight, but the coast was clear: she waited a minute to recover herself a little, and then set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the hamlet of Ryde, which then consisted of a few fishermen's huts. It was an hour and a-half before she gained this place, from whence she took a boat, and was safely landed at the Point. The fisherman

who brought her over was an old acquaintance of Nancy's, and knew that he would have to remain to take her back, but he was well paid for his trouble, and it was a lucky day for him when Nancy required his services. The Yungfrau had rounded St. Helen's, and was standing into Spithead, when Nancy landed, and the first door at which she knocked was at the lodgings of Moggy Salisbury, with whom she was well acquainted, and from whom she expected to be able to gain information. On inquiry, she found that Moggy had not come on shore from the cutter, which had sailed during the night very unexpectedly.

This information pleased Nancy, as Moggy would in all probability be able to give her important information, and she took up her quarters in Moggy's apartments, anxiously awaiting her arrival, for Nancy was not at all desirous to be seen. In due time the cutter was again anchored in the harbour, and the first order of Mr. Vanslyperken's was, that

Moggy Salisbury should be sent on shore, which order was complied with, and she left the vessel, vowing vengeance upon the lieutenant and his dog. The informer also hastened into a boat, and pulled on shore on the Gosport side, with a very significant farewell look at Mr. Vanslyperken. Moggy landed, and hastened, full of wrath, to her own lodgings, where she found Nancy Corbett waiting for her. At first she was too full of her own injuries, and the attempt to flog her dear darling Jemmy, to allow Nancy to put in a word. Nancy perceived this, and allowed her to run herself down like a clock ; and then proposed that they should send for some purl and have a cosey chat, to which Moggy agreed, and as soon as they were fairly settled, and Moggy had again delivered herself of her grievances, Nancy put the requisite questions, and discovered what the reader is already acquainted with. She requested, and obtained a full description of the informer, and his

person was too remarkable, for Nancy not to recognise immediately who it was.

“The villain!” cried she; “why if there was any man in whom we thought we could trust, it was——him;” for Nancy had, in her indignation, nearly pronounced his name.

“Nancy,” said Moggy, “you have to do with the smugglers, I know, for your husband is one of them, if report says true. Now, I’ve been thinking, that the cutter is no place for my Jemmy, and that with this peak-nosed villain, he will always be in trouble. Tell me, will they let him in, if he volunteers.”

“I can’t exactly say, Moggy; but this I can tell you, that you may be very useful to them in giving us information, which you may gain through your husband.

“Ay, and not only through my husband, but from everybody on board the cutter. I’m yours, Nancy—and here’s my hand on it—you’ll see what I can do. The wagabond, to

attempt to flog my own dear, darling duck—my own Jemmy. Only tell me what you want to know, and if I don't ferret it out, my name's not Moggy. But hear me, Nancy; I join you now hand and heart, though I gain nothing by it; and when you choose to have him, I'll bring you my little duck of a husband, and he will be worth his weight in gold, though I say it that shouldn't say it."

"Thanky, Moggy; but you shall not work for nothing;" and Nancy laid a gold Jacobus on the table. "This for your present information. Be secret and cautious, and no gossiping, and you'll find that you shall have all you wish, and be no loser in the bargain. And now, good-night—I must be away. You shall see me soon, Moggy; and remember what I have told you."

Moggy was astonished at the sight of the gold Jacobus, which she took up and examined as Nancy departed. "Well," thought she,

“but this smuggling must be a pretty consarn; and as sure as gold is gold, my Jemmy shall be a smuggler.”

Nancy turned down the street, and passed rapidly on, until she was clear of the fortifications, in the direction of South Sea Beach. A few scattered cottages were at that time built upon the spot. It was quite dark as she passed the lines, and held her way over the shingle. A man was standing alone, whose figure she recognised. It was the very person that she wished to find. Nancy watched him for awhile, and observed him pull out a paper, tear it in two, and throw it down with gesticulations of anger and indignation. She then approached.

“What’s o’clock?” said Nancy.

“Do you want the right time?” replied the man.

“To a minute,” replied Nancy, who, finding that the password was given correctly, now stopped, and faced the other party. “Is that you, Cornbury?”

“Yes, Nancy,” replied the man, who was the same person who went on board of the cutter to give the information.

“I have been seeking you,” replied Nancy. “There has been some information laid, and the boats were nearly surprised. Alice desires that you will find out what boats entered the cove, whom they belonged to, and, if possible, how they obtained the information.”

“Boats nearly surprised!—you don’t say so,” replied Cornbury, with affected astonishment. “This must indeed be looked to. Have you no idea——”

“None,” replied Nancy. “There was no vessel to be seen the next morning—the fog was too thick. Have you seen Wahop?”

“No; I thought he was on the Isle.”

“He ought to have been, but has not come; I have been at the oak-tree for three nights running. It’s very strange. Do you think that he can have played false?”

“I never much liked the man,” replied Cornbury.

“Nor I either,” replied Nancy; “but I must go now, for I must be back at the crags before daylight. Find out what you can, and let us know as soon as possible. I shall be over again as soon as the cargo is run; if you find out anything, you had better come to-morrow night.”

“I will,” replied Cornbury; and the parties separated.

“Traitor!” muttered Nancy, when she was once more alone. “If he comes, it shall be to his death;” and Nancy stooped down, picked up the pieces of paper which Cornbury had torn up, and put them in the basket she carried on her arm.

It will be observed, that Nancy had purposely thrown out hints against Wahop, to induce Cornbury to believe that he was not suspected. Her assertion that Wahop was not on the island was false. He had been three days at Ryde, according to the arrangement. The bait took. Cornbury perceiving

that the suspicion was against Wahop, thought that he could not do better than to boldly make his appearance at the cave, which would remove any doubts as to his own fidelity.

Nancy hastened down to the Point, and returned that night to Ryde, from whence she walked over to the cave, and was there before daylight. She communicated to Alice the intelligence which she had received from Moggy Salisbury, and the arrangements she had proposed to her, by which the motions of the cutter could be known.

“Is that woman to be trusted, think you, Nancy?” inquired Alice.

“Yes, I believe sincerely she may be. I have known her long; and she wishes her husband to join us.”

“We must reflect upon it. She may be most useful. What is the character of the officer who commands the vessel?”

“A miser, and a coward. He is well known—neither honour nor conscience in him.”

“The first is well, as we may act upon it, but the second renders him doubtful. You are tired, Nancy, and had better lie down a little.”

Nancy Corbett delivered the pens to Lilly, and then took the advice of her superior. The day was remarkably fine, and the water smooth, so that the boats were expected that night. At dusk two small lights, at even distances, were suspended from the cliff, to point out to the boats that the coast was free, and that they might land. Alice, however, took the precaution to have a watch on the beach, in case of any second surprise being attempted; but of this there was little fear, as she knew from Nancy, that all the cutter's boats were on board when she entered the harbour. Lilly, who thought it a delight to be one moment sooner in her father's arms, had taken the watch on the beach, and there the little girl remained perched upon a rock,

at the foot of which the waves now only sullenly washed, for the night was beautifully calm and clear. To a passer on the ocean she might have been mistaken for a mermaid who had left her watery bower to look upon the world above.

What were the thoughts of the little maiden as she remained there fixed as a statue? Did she revert to the period at which her infant memory could retrace silken hangings and marble halls, visions of splendour, dreamings of courtly state, or was she thinking of her father, as her quick ear caught the least swell of the increasing breeze? Was she, as her eye was fixed as if attempting to pierce the depths of the ocean, wondering at what might be its hidden secrets, or as they were turned towards the heavens, bespangled with ten thousand stars, was she meditating on the God who placed them there? Who can say?—but that that intellectual face bespoke the mind at work

is certain, and from one so pure and lovely could emanate nothing but what was innocent and good.

But a distant sound falls upon her ear ; she listens, and by its measured cadence knows that it is the rowers in a boat : nearer it comes and more distinct, and now her keen eye detects the black mass approaching in the gloom of night. She starts from the rock ready to fly up to the cave to give notice of an enemy, or, if their anticipated friends, to fly into the arms of her father. But her alarm is over, she perceives that it is the lugger, the boat dashes into the cove, and the first who lands strains her to his bosom.

“ My dearest Lilly, is all well ? ”

“ Yes, all is well, father ; but you are well come.”

“ Run up, dearest, and let the women be ready to assist. We have that here which must soon be out of sight. Is the Father Innis here ? ”

“ Since Thursday last.”

“ ’Tis well, dear ; you may go. Quick, my lads, and beach the cargo :—see to it, Ramsay ; I must at once unto the cave.” Having given these directions, the father of Lilly commenced his ascent over the rough and steep rocks which led up to the cavern, anxious to obtain what information could be imparted relative to the treachery which had led to their narrow escape two nights preceding.

He was met by Alice, who cordially embraced him ; but he appeared anxious to release himself from her endearments, that he might at once enter upon matters to him of more serious importance. “ Where is the Father Innis, my dear ?” said he, disengaging himself from her arms.

“ He sleeps, Robert, or, at least, he did just now, but probably he will rise now that you are come. But in the mean time, I have discovered who the traitor is.”

“ By all the saints, he shall not escape my vengeance !”

Alice then entered into the particulars related by Nancy Corbett, and already known to the reader. She had just concluded when Father Innis made his appearance from the cave.

“Welcome, thrice welcome, holy father.”

“Welcome, too, my son. Say, do we start to-night?”

“Not till to-morrow night,” replied the husband of Alice, who having ascertained that in all probability Cornbury would come that night, determined, at all risks, to get possession of him: “we could well be over before daylight, and with your precious person, I must not risk too much. You are anxiously expected.”

“And I have important news,” replied the priest; “but I will not detain you now; I perceive that your presence is wanted by your men.”

During this colloquy the women had descended the ladder, and had been assisting the

men to carry up the various packages of which the boat's cargo consisted, and they now awaited directions as to the stowing away.

“ Ramsay,” said the leader, “ we do not return to-night; take the men, and contrive to lift the boat up on the rocks, so that she may not be injured.”

An hour elapsed before this was effected, and then the leader, as well as the rest of the smugglers, retired to the cave to refresh themselves with sleep after their night of fatigue. As usual, one woman kept watch, and that woman was Nancy Corbett. The ladder had been hauled up, and she was walking up and down, with her arms under a shawl, to a sort of stamping trot, for the weather was frosty, when she heard a low whistle at the west side of the flat.

“ Oh, ho! have I lured you, you traitorous villain?” muttered Nancy, “ you come in good time:” and Nancy walked to the spot where the ladder was usually lowered down, and

looked over. Although the moon had risen, it was too dark on that side of the platform to distinguish more than that there was a human form, who repeated the whistle.

“What’s o’clock?” said Nancy, in a low tone.

“Do you want the right time to a minute?” replied a voice, which was recognised as Cornbury’s. Nancy lowered down the ladder, and Cornbury ascended the platform.

“I am glad you are come, Cornbury. Have you heard anything of Wahop?”

“No one has seen or heard of him,” replied the man, “but I have found out what boats they were. Did the lugger come over to-night?”

“Yes,” replied Nancy, “but I must go in and let Mistress Alice know that you are here.”

Nancy’s abrupt departure was to prevent Cornbury from asking if the boat had remained, or returned to the French coast; for

she thought it not impossible that the unusual circumstance of the boat remaining, might induce him to suppose that his treachery had been discovered, and to make his immediate escape, which he, of course, could have done, and given full information of the cave and the parties who frequented it.

Nancy soon reappeared, and familiarly taking the arm of Cornbury, led him to the eastern side of the platform, asking him many questions. As soon as he was there, the leader of the gang, followed by half a dozen of his men, rushed out and secured him. Cornbury now felt assured that all was discovered, and that his life was forfeited. "Bind him fast," said the leader, "and keep watch over him;—his case shall soon be disposed of. Nancy, you will call me at daylight."

When Cornbury had been secured, the men returned into the cave, leaving one with a loaded pistol to guard him. Nancy still remained on the watch.

“ Nancy Corbett,” said Cornbury, “ why am I treated thus ?”

“ Why ?” replied Nancy, with scorn ; “ ask yourself why. Do you think that I did not know when I sought you at the beach that you had sailed in the cutter, had brought the boats here, and that if it had not been for the lieutenant taking his dog in the boat, and its barking, you would have delivered us all into the hands of the Philistines ? — wretched traitor.”

“ D——n !” muttered Cornbury ; “ then it is to you, you devil, that I am indebted for being entrapped this way.”

“ Yes, to me,” replied Nancy, with scorn. “ And, depend upon it, you will have your deserts before the sun is one hour in the heavens.”

“ Mistress Nancy, I must beg you to walk your watch like a lady, and not to be corresponding with my prisoner any how, whether you talk *raison* or *traison*, as may happen to

suit your convanience," observed the man who was guard over Cornbury.

"Be aisy, my jewel," replied Nancy, mimicking the Irishman, "and I'll be as silent as a magpie, any how. And, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you'll just be plased to keep your two eyes upon your prisoner, and not be staring at me, following me up and down, as you do, with those twinklers of yours."

"A cat may look at a king, Mistress Nancy, and no harm done either."

"You forget, Mr. Fitzpatrick," replied Nancy, "that I am now a modest woman."

"More's the pity, Mistress Nancy, I wish you'd forget it too, and I dying of love for you."

Nancy walked away to the end of the platform to avoid further conversation. The day was now dawning, and as, by degrees, the light was thrown upon the face of Cornbury, it was strange to witness how his agitation and his fear had changed all the ruby carbuncles on his

face to a deadly white. He called to Nancy Corbett in an humble tone once or twice as she passed by in her walk, but received no reply further than a look of scorn. As soon as it was broad daylight, Nancy went into the cave to call up the leader.

In a few minutes he appeared, with the rest of the smugglers.

“Philip Cornbury,” said he, with a stern and unrelenting countenance, “you would have betrayed us for the sake of money.”

“It is false,” replied Cornbury.

“False, is it?—you shall have a fair trial. Nancy Corbett, give your evidence before us all.”

Nancy recapitulated all that had passed.

“I say again, that it is false,” replied Cornbury. “Where is the woman whom she states to have told her this? This is nothing more than assertion, and I say again, it is false. Am I to be condemned without proofs? Is my life to be sacrificed to the animosity of this

woman, who wishes to get rid of me, because—”

“ Because what ? ” interrupted Nancy.

“ Because I was too well acquainted with you before your marriage, and can tell too much.”

“ Now, curses on you, for a liar as well as a traitor ! ” exclaimed Nancy. “ What I was before I was married is well known ; but it is well known, also, that I pleased my fancy, and could always choose. I must, indeed, have had a sorry taste to be intimate with a blotched wretch like you. Sir,” continued Nancy, turning to the leader, “ it is false ; and whatever may be said against me on other points, Nancy Dawson, or Nancy Corbett, was never yet so vile as to assert a lie. I put it to you, sir, and to all of you, is not my word sufficient in this case ? ”

The smugglers nodded their heads in assent.

“ And, now that is admitted, I will prove

his villany and falsehood. Philip Cornbury, do you know this paper?" cried Nancy, taking out of her bosom the agreement signed by Vanslyperken, which she had picked up on the night when Cornbury had torn it up and thrown it away. "Do you know this paper, I ask you? Read it, sir," continued Nancy, handing it over to the leader of the smugglers.

The paper was read, and the inflexible countenance of the leader turned towards Cornbury, —who saw his doom.

"Go in, Nancy Corbett, and let no women appear till all is over."

"Liar!" said Nancy, spitting on the ground as she passed by Cornbury.

"Bind his eyes, and lead him to the western edge," said the leader.

"Philip Cornbury, you have but a few minutes to live. In mercy, you may see the holy father, if you wish it."

"I'm no d——d papist," replied Cornbury, in a sulky tone.

“Lead him on then.”

Cornbury was led to the western edge of the flat, where the cliff was most high and precipitous, and then made to kneel down.

“Fitzpatrick,” said the leader, pointing to the condemned.

Fitzpatrick walked up to the kneeling man with his loaded pistol, and then the others, who had led Cornbury to the edge of the cliff, retired.

Fitzpatrick cocked the lock.

“Would you like to say, ‘God have mercy on my treacherous sinful sowl,’ or anything short and sweet like that?” said Fitzpatrick; “if so, I’ll wait a couple of seconds more for your convenience, Philip Cornbury.”

Cornbury made no reply. Fitzpatrick put the pistol to his ear, the ball whizzed through his brain, the body half raised itself from its knees with a strong muscular action, and then toppled over and disappeared down the side of the precipice.

“ It’s to be hoped that the next time you lave this world, Master Cornbury, it will be in a purliter sort of manner. A civil question demands a civil answer anyhow,” said Fitzpatrick, coolly rejoining the other men.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The whole of which has been fudged out of the History of England, and will therefore be quite new to the majority of our readers.

WERE we in want of materials for this eventful history, we have now a good opportunity for spinning out our volumes; but, so far from this being the case, we hardly know how to find space for what it is now absolutely necessary that the reader should be acquainted with. Our friends may probably recollect, when we remind them of the fact, that there was a certain king, James II., who sat upon our throne, and who was a very good Catholic

—that he married his daughter, Mary, to one William of Orange, who, in return for James's kindness in giving him his daughter, took away from him his kingdom, on the plea, that if he was a bad son-in-law, at all events, he was a sound Protestant. They may also recollect, that the exiled king was received most hospitably by the grand monarque, Louis XIV., who gave him palaces, money, and all that he required, and, moreover, gave him a fine army and fleet to go to Ireland and recover his kingdom, bidding him farewell with this equivocal sentence, "That the best thing he, Louis, could wish to him was, never to see his face again." They may further recollect, that King James and King William met at the battle of the Boyne, in which the former was defeated, and then went back to St. Germain's and spent the rest of his life in acts of devotion and plotting against the life of King William. Now, among other plots real and pretended, there was one laid in 1695, to assassinate King

William on his way to Richmond ; this plot was revealed, many of the conspirators were tried and executed, but the person who was at the head of it, a Scotchman, of the name of Sir George Barclay, escaped. In the year 1696, a bill was passed, by which Sir George Barclay and nine others who had escaped from justice, were attainted of high treason, if they did not choose to surrender themselves on or before the 25th day of March ensuing. Strange to say, these parties did not think it advisable to surrender themselves ; perhaps it was because they knew that they were certain to be hung ; but it is impossible to account for the actions of men : we can only lay the facts before our readers.

Sir George Barclay was by birth a Scotchman, of high family, and well connected. He had been an officer in the army of King James, to whom he was strongly attached. Moreover, he was a very bigoted Catholic. Whether he ever received a commission from King

James, authorising him to assassinate King William, has never been proved ; but, as King James is well known to have been admitted into the order of the Jesuits, it is not at all unlikely. Certain it is, that the baronet went over to St. Germain, landed again in England, and would have made the attempt, had not the plot been discovered through some of the inferior accomplices ; and it is equally sure that he escaped, although many others were hung—and few people knew what had become of him. The fact was, that when Barclay had fled to the sea-side, he was assisted over the water by a band of smugglers, who first concealed him in the cave we have described, which was their retreat. This led to a communication and arrangement with them. Sir George Barclay, who, although foiled in his attempt at assassination, never abandoned the cause, immediately perceived what advantages might be derived in keeping up a communication by means of these outlaws. For some

time the smugglers were employed in carrying secret despatches to the friends of James in England and Scotland ; and, as the importance of the correspondence increased, and it became necessary to have personal interviews instead of written communications, Sir George frequently passed over to the cave as a rendezvous, at which he might meet the adherents of the exiled king. In the course of time he saw the prudence of having the entire control of the band, and found little difficulty in being appointed their leader. From the means he obtained from St. Germain, the smuggling was now carried on to a great and very profitable extent ; and by the regulations which he enacted, the chance of discovery was diminished. Only one point more was requisite for safety and secrecy, which was, a person to whom he could confide the charge of the cave. Lady Barclay, who was equally warm in the cause, offered her services, and they were accepted ; and at the latter end of the year

1696, about one year after the plot had failed, Lady Barclay, with her only child, took up her abode in this isolated domicile; Sir George then first making the arrangement that the men should always remain on the other side of the water, which would be an additional cause of security. For upwards of four years, Lady Barclay had remained an inmate, attending to the instruction of her little Lilly, and carrying on all the correspondence, and making all the necessary arrangements with vigour and address, satisfied with serving the good cause, and proving her devoted allegiance to her sovereign. Unfortunate and unwise as were the Stuart family, there must have been some charm about them, for they had instances of attachment and fidelity shown to them, of which no other line of kings could boast.

Shortly after the tragical event recorded in the last chapter, the Jesuit came out of the cave and went up to Sir George, who coolly observed,

“ We have just been sending a traitor to his account, good father.”

“ So may they all perish,” replied the priest.

“ We start this evening ?”

“ Certainly. What news have you for St. Germain’s ?”

“ Much that is important. Discontent prevails throughout the country. The affair of Bishop Watson hath brought much odium on the usurper. He himself writhes under the tyrannical commands of the Commons, and is at issue with them.”

“ And in Scotland, father ?”

“ All is there ripe and ready—and an army once landed, would be joined by thousands. The injustice of the usurper in wishing to sacrifice the Scotch Settlement, has worked deep upon the minds of those who advanced their money upon that speculation—in the total, a larger sum than ever yet was raised in Scotland. Our emissaries have fanned the flame up to the highest pitch.”

“ To my thoughts, good father, there needed not further discontent. Have we not our king dethroned, and our holy religion persecuted ?”

“ True, my son—true ; but still we must lose no means by which we may increase the number of our adherents. Some are swayed by one feeling, and some by another. We have contrived to throw no small odium upon the usurper and betrayer of his wife’s father, by exposing and magnifying, indeed, the sums of money which he has lavished upon his courtesan, Mistress Villiers, now, by his heretic and unsanctified breath, raised into the peerage by the title of Countess of Orkney. All these items added together, form a vast sum of discontent ; and could we persuade his Catholic majesty to rouse himself to assert once more his rights by force of arms, I should not fear for the result.”

“ Had I not been betrayed,” observed Sir George, musing, “ before this the king would have had his own again.”

“And thrice blessed would have been the arm that had laid the usurper low,” rejoined the Jesuit; “but more of this hereafter. Your lady hath had much converse with me. She thinks that the character of the man who commands that cutter, is such as to warrant his services for gold—and wishes to essay him.”

“The woman Corbett is of that opinion, and she is subtle. At all events, it can be tried; for he would be of much utility, and there would be no suspicion. The whole had better be left to her arrangement. We may employ, and pay, yet not trust him.”

“That is exactly what Lady Alice had proposed,” replied the Jesuit. Here Lilly came out to tell her father that the morning meal was ready, and they all returned to the cave.

That evening the boat was launched, and the Jesuit went over with Sir George, and landed at Cherbourg, from whence they both proceeded with all expedition to the court of King James.

We have entered into this short detail, that the reader may just know the why and the wherefore these parties in the cave were introduced, and now we shall continue our most faithful and veracious history.

CHAPTER XIX.

In which Smallbones is sent to look after a pot of black paint.

WE must now return to the cutter, which still remains at anchor off the point in Portsmouth harbour. It is a dark, murky, blowing day, with gusts of rain and thick fog. Mr. Vanslyperken is more than usually displeased, for, as he had to wait for the new boat which he had demanded, he thought this a good opportunity of enlivening the bends of the Yungfrau with a little black paint—not before it was required, most certainly, for she was as rusty in appearance as if she had been built of old iron. But

paint fetched money, and as Mr. Vanslyperken always sold his, it was like parting with so much of his own property, when he ordered up the paint-pots and brushes. Now the operation of beautifying the Yungfrau had been commenced the day before, and the unexpected change in the weather during the night, had washed off the greater portion of the paint, and there was not only all the trouble, but all the expense, to be incurred again. No wonder that Mr. Vanslyperken was in a bad humour—not only in a bad humour, but in the very worst of humours. He had made up his mind to go on shore to see his mother, and was pacing the quarter-deck in his great coat, with his umbrella under his arm, all ready to be unfurled as soon as he was on shore. He was just about to order his boat to be manned: Mr. Vanslyperken looked up at the weather—the fog was still thick, and the rain fell. You could not even make out the houses on the point. The wind had gone down considerably.

Mr. Vanslyperken looked over the gunnel—the damage was even greater than he thought. He looked over the stern, there was the stage still hanging where the painters had been standing or sitting, and, what was too bad, there was a pot of paint, with the brush in it, half full of rain-water, which some negligent person had left there. Mr. Vanslyperken turned forward to call somebody to take the paint below, but the decks were empty, and it was growing dark. A sudden thought, instigated no doubt by the devil, filled the brain of Mr. Vanslyperken. It was a glorious, golden opportunity, not to be lost. He walked forward, and went down into his cabin again, where he found Smallbones helping himself to biscuit, for the lad was hungry, as well he might be; but on this occasion Mr. Vanslyperken took no notice.

“Smallbones,” said he, “one of the men has left his paint-pot on the stage, under the stern, go and bring it in immediately.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Smallbones, surprised at

the unusually quiet style of his master's address to him.

Smallbones ran up the ladder, went aft, and slid down by the rope which held the plank used as a stage by the painters. Mr. Vanslyperken seized his carving-knife, and following softly on deck, went aft. He took a hurried look forward—there was no one on deck. For a moment, he hesitated at the crime; he observed the starboard rope shake, for Smallbones was just about to shin up again. The devil prevailed. Mr. Vanslyperken sawed through the rope, heard the splash of the lad in the water, and, frightened at his own guilt, ran down below, and gained his cabin. There he seated himself, trembling like an aspen leaf. It was the first time that he had been a *murderer*. He was pale as ashes. He felt sick, and he staggered to his cupboard, poured out a tumbler of scheedam, and drank it off at a draught. This recovered him, and he again felt brave. He returned on deck, and ordered

his boat to be manned, which was presently done. Mr. Vanslyperken would have given the world to have gone aft, and to have looked over the stern, but he dared not; so, pushing the men into the boat, he slipped in, and was pulled on shore. Without giving any directions to the men he stepped out, and felt a relief when he found himself on terra firma. He walked away as fast as he could—he felt that he could not walk fast enough—he was anxious to arrive at his mother's. The rain fell fast, but he thought not of his umbrella, it remained under his arm, and Mr. Vanslyperken, as if he were chased by a fiend, pushed on through the fog and rain; he wanted to meet a congenial soul, one who would encourage, console him, ridicule his fears, and applaud the deed which he would just then have given the world to have recalled.

Where could he seek one more fitted to the purpose than his mother? The door of the house where she lodged was common to

many, and therefore opened with a latch. He went in, and up-stairs, tried the door of his mother's room, and found it fastened within. He knocked, heard the grumbling of the old woman at her being obliged to rise from her chair: she opened the door, and Vanslyperken, as soon as he was in, slammed it to, and, exhausted with his emotions, fell back in a chair.

“Hey day! and what's the matter now?” cried the old woman, in Dutch; “one would think that you had been waylaid, robbed, and almost murdered.”

“Murdered!” stammered Vanslyperken; “yes—it was murder.”

“What was murder, my child?” replied the old woman, reseating herself.

“Did I say murder, mother?” said Vanslyperken, wiping the blended rain and perspiration from his brow with a cotton handkerchief.

“Yes, you did, Cornelius Vanslyperken; not that I believe a craven like you would ever attempt such a thing.”

“ But I have, mother. I have done the deed,” replied Vanslyperken.

“ You have !” cried his mother ; “ then at last you have done something, and I shall respect you. Come, come, child, cheer up, and tell me all about it. There is a slight twinge the first time—but the second is nothing. Did you get gold ? Heh, my son, plenty of gold ?”

“ Gold ! no, no—I got nothing—indeed I lost by it—lost a pot full of black paint—but never mind that. He’s gone,” replied Vanslyperken, recovering himself fast.

“ Who is gone ?”

“ The lad, Smallbones.”

“ Pish,” replied the old woman, rocking her chair. “ Ay, well, never mind—it was for revenge, then—that’s sweet—very sweet. Now, Cornelius, tell me all about it.”

Vanslyperken, encouraged by the sympathy, if we may use the term, shown by his mother, narrated what he had done.

“ Well, well, child, ’tis a beginning,” replied

the old woman, “and I’ll not call you craven again.”

“I must go back,” said Vanslyperken, starting up from his chair.

“Go, child, it is late—and dream it over. Vengeance is sweet, even in sleep. I have had mine—and for years have I dwelt on it—and shall for years to come. I shall not die yet—no, no.”

Vanslyperken quitted the house ; the weather had cleared up, the breeze was fresh and piercing, and the stars twinkled every now and then, as the wild scud which flew across the heavens admitted them to view. Vanslyperken walked fast—he started at the least sound—he hurried by every one whom he met, as if fearful to be recognised—he felt relieved when he had gained the streets of Portsmouth, and he at last arrived at the Point ; but there was no cutter’s boat, for he had given no orders. He was therefore obliged to hire one to go on board. The old man whom he engaged shoved into the stream ; the tide was running in rapidly.

“A cold night, sir,” observed the man.

“Yes,” replied Vanslyperken, mechanically.

“And a strong tide, with the wind to back it. He’d have but a poor chance, who fell overboard such a night as this. The strongest swimmer, without help, would be soon in eternity.”

Vanslyperken shuddered. Where was Smallbones at this moment? and then, the mention of eternity!

“Silence, man, silence,” said Vanslyperken.

“Hope no offence, Mr. Lieutenant,” replied the man, who knew who his fare was.

The boat pulled alongside of the Yungfrau, and Vanslyperken paid his unusual fare, and stepped on the deck. He went down below, and had the precaution to summon Smallbones to bring lights aft. The word was passed along the lower deck, and Vanslyperken sat down in the dark, awaiting the report that Smallbones could not be found.

Snarley yow went up to his master, and rubbed his cold nose against his hand, and

then, for the first time, it occurred to Vanslyperken, that in his hurry to leave the vessel, he had left the dog to the mercy of his enemies. During the time that Vanslyperken waited for the report of the lights, he passed over in his mind the untoward events which had taken place—the loss of the widow's good-will, the loss of Corporal Van Spitter, who was adrift in the Zuyder Zee, the loss of five thousand pounds through the dog, and, strange to say, what vexed him more, the loss of the dog's eye; and when he thought of all these things his heart was elated, and he rejoiced in the death of Smallbones, and no longer felt any compunction. But a light is coming aft, and Vanslyperken is waiting the anticipated report. It is a solitary purser's dip, as they are termed at sea, emitting but feeble rays, and Vanslyperken's eyes are directed to the door of the cabin to see who carries it. To his horror, his dismay, it is brought in by the drowned Smallbones, who, with a cadaverous, and as he

supposes, unearthly face and vacant look, drawls out, "It's a-blowed out twice, sir, with the wind."

Vanslyperken started up, with his eyes glaring and fixed. There could be no mistake. It was the apparition of the murdered lad, and he fell back in a state of unconsciousness.

"You've a-got it this time," said Smallbones, chuckling as he bent over the body of the lieutenant with his purser's dip, and perceived that he was in a state of insensibility.

Had Mr. Vanslyperken had the courage to look over the stern of the cutter when he re-ascended on the deck, he would have discovered Smallbones hanging on by the rudder chains; for had the fog not been so thick, Mr. Vanslyperken would have perceived that at the time that he cut Smallbones adrift it was slack water, and the cutter was lying across the harbour. Smallbones was not, therefore, carried away by the tide, but being a very fair swimmer, had gained the rudder chains without

difficulty ; but at the time that Smallbones was climbing up again by the rope, he had perceived the blade of the carving-knife working at the rope, and was assured that Vanslyperken was attempting his life. When he gained the rudder chains, he held on. At first he thought of calling for assistance ; but hearing Vanslyperken order his boat to be manned, the lad then resolved to wait a little longer, and allow his master to think that he was drowned. The result was as Smallbones intended. As soon as the lad saw the boat was out of hearing he called out most lustily, and was heard by those on board, and rescued from his cold immersion. He answered no questions which were put to him till he had changed his clothing and recovered himself, and then with great prudence summoned a council, composed of Short, Coble, and Jemmy Ducks, to whom he narrated what had taken place. A long consultation succeeded, and at last it was agreed that Smallbones should make his appear-

ance as he did, and future arrangements to be taken according to circumstances.

As soon as Smallbones had ascertained the situation of his master, he went forward and reported it to Dick Short, who with Coble came aft in the cabin. Short looked at Vanslyperken.

“Conscience,” said Short.

“And a d——d bad un, too,” replied Coble, hitching up his trousers. “What’s to be done, Short?”

“Nothing,” replied Short.

“Just my idea,” replied Coble; “let him come to if he pleases, or die and be d——d. Who cares?”

“Nobody,” replied Short.

“My eyes, but he must have been frightened,” said Smallbones; “for he has left the key in the cupboard. I’ll see what’s in it for once and away.”

Snarley yow, when Smallbones opened the cupboard, appeared to have an intuitive idea

that he was trespassing, so he walked out growling from under the table; Short saluted him with a kick in the ribs, which tossed him under the feet of Coble, who gave him a second with his fisherman's boots, and the dog howled, and ran out of the cabin. O Mr. Vanslyperken! see what your favourite was brought to, because you did not come to.

At this time Smallbones had his nose in the stone jar of scheedam—the olfactory examination was favourable, so he put his mouth to it—the labial essay still more so, so he took down a wine-glass, and, without any ceremony, filled a bumper, and handed it to Coble.

“We'll drink to his recovery,” said Obadiah, tossing off the contents.

“Yes,” replied Short, who waited till the glass was refilled, and did the same.

“Here's bad luck to him in his own good stuff,” said Smallbones, tossing off a third glass, and, filling it again, he handed it to Coble.

“Here’s reformation to him,” said Coble, draining the glass again.

“Yes,” replied Short, taking the replenished vessel.

“Here’s d——n to him and his dog for ever and ever, Amen,” cried Smallbones, tipping off his second allowance.

“Who’s there?” said Vanslyperken in a faint voice, opening his eyes with a vacant look.

Smallbones replaced the bottle in the cupboard, and replied, “It’s only Smallbones, sir, and the mates, come to help you.”

“Smallbones!” said Vanslyperken, still wandering. “Smallbones is drowned—and the whole pot of black paint.”

“Conscience,” said Short.

“Carving-knife,” rejoined Coble.

“Carving-knife!” said Vanslyperken, raising himself up; “I never said a word about a carving-knife, did I? Who is it that I see?”

Short—and Coble—help me up. I've had a sad fall. Where's Smallbones? Is he alive—really alive?"

"I believe as how I bees," replied Smallbones.

Mr. Vanslyperken had now recovered his perfect senses. He had been raised on a chair, and was anxious to be rid of intruders, so he told Short and Coble that he would now do very well, and they might go; upon which, without saying a word, they both quitted the cabin.

Mr. Vanslyperken collected himself—he wished to know how Smallbones had been saved, but still dared not broach the subject, as it would be admitting his own guilt.

"What has happened, Smallbones?" said Vanslyperken. "I still feel very faint."

"Take a glass of this," replied Smallbones, opening the cupboard, and bringing out the scheedam. He poured out a glass, which Vanslyperken drank, and then observed, "How

did you know what was in that cupboard, sirrah?"

"Because you called for it when you were in your fits," replied Smallbones.

"Called for scheedam?"

"Yes, sir, and said you had lost the carving-knife."

"Did I?" replied Vanslyperken, afraid that he had committed himself. "I have been ill, very ill," continued he, putting his hand up to his forehead. "By-the-bye, Smallbones, did you bring in that pot of paint?" said Vanslyperken, adroitly.

"No, sir, I didn't, because I tumbled overboard, pot and all," replied Smallbones.

"Tumbled overboard! why, I did not leave the ship till afterwards, and I heard nothing about it."

"No, sir, how could you?" replied Smallbones, who was all prepared for this explanation, "when the tide swept me past the saluting battery in a moment."

“ Past the saluting battery !” exclaimed Vanslyperken, “ why, how were you saved ?”

“ Because, thanks to somebody, I be too light to sink. I went out to the Nab buoy, and a mile ayond it.”

“ The Nab buoy !” exclaimed, Vanslyperken.

“ Yes, and ayond it, afore the tide turned, and then I were swept back again, and came into harbour again, just half-an-hour afore you come aboard.”

Mr. Vanslyperken looked aghast ; the lad must have had a charmed life. Nine miles at least out to sea, and nine miles back again.

“ It’s as true as I stand here, sir,” continued Smallbones ; “ I never were so cold in all my life, a-floating about like a bit of duck-weed with the tide, this way and that way.”

“ As true as you stand here !” repeated Vanslyperken ; “ but do you stand here ?” and he made a desperate grasp at the lad’s

arm to ascertain whether he held substance or shadow.

“Can I do anything more, sir?” continued Smallbones; “for I should like to turn in—I’m as cold as ice, even now.”

“You may go,” replied Vanslyperken, whose mind was again becoming confused at what had passed. For some time, the lieutenant sat in his chair, trying to recollect and reason; but it was in vain—the shocks of the day had been too great. He threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed—never perceived the absence of his favourite—the candle was allowed to burn itself to the socket, and Vanslyperken fell off into a trance-like sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves false to the Widow Vandersloosh, and many strange things take place.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN was awakened, the next morning, by the yelping of his dog, who, having been shut out of the cabin, had ventured up the ladder in the morning when the men were washing the deck, and had a bucket shied at him by Jemmy Ducks, with such excellent precision, that it knocked him over, and nearly broke his hind leg, which he now carried high up in the air as he howled upon the other three at the cabin door. Mr. Vanslyperken rose, and tried to recollect what

had passed; but it was more than a minute before he could recal the circumstances of the day before. He then tried to call to mind how he had gone to bed, and by what means Snarley yow was left outside, but he could make nothing of it. He opened the cabin door, and let in the dog, whose lame leg instantly excited his indignation, and he then rang his bell for Smallbones, who soon made his appearance.

“How came the dog out of the cabin, sir?”

“I’m sure I don’t know, sir; I never put him out.”

“Who is it that has hurt him?”

“I’m sure I don’t know, sir; I never touched him.”

Vanslyperken was about to vent his anger, when Smallbones said, “If you please, I don’t know what’s a-going on. Why here, sir, the men washing the decks have found your carving-knife abaft, by the taffrail. Somebody must have taken it there, that’s sartain.”

Vanslyperken turned pale.

“Who could have taken it?”

“That’s what I said, sir. Who dare come in the cabin to take the knife? and what could they have taken it for, but unless it was to cut summut?” And Smallbones looked his master full in the face. And the lieutenant quailed before his boy. He could not meet his gaze, but turned away.

“Very odd,” continued Smallbones, perceiving the advantage he had gained.

“Leave the cabin, sir,” cried Vanslyperken.

“Sha’n’t I make no inquiries how this ere knife came there, sir?” replied Smallbones.

“No, sir, mind your own business. I’ve a great mind to flog you for its being found there—all your carelessness.”

“That would be a pretty go,” murmured Smallbones, as he shut the cabin door.

The feeling of vengeance against Smallbones, was now redoubled in the breast of his master; and the only regret he felt at the transactions of the day before was, that the boy had not been drowned.

"I'll have him yet," muttered the lieutenant; but he forgot that he was shaving himself, and the involuntary movements of his lips caused him to cut a large gash on his right cheek, from which the blood trickled fast.

"Curses on the—(razor he was going to say, but he changed it to)—scoundrel!"

A slice with a razor is certainly a very annoying thing. After a certain time, Mr. Vanslyperken finished his toilet, called for his breakfast, went on deck, and as the day was fine, ordered the paint to be renewed, and then went on shore to ascertain if there were any commands for him at the admiral's office.

As he walked up the street in a brown study, he at last observed that a very pretty woman dogged him, sometimes walking a-head and looking back, at others dropping astern, and then again ranging up alongside. He looked her in the face, and she smiled sweetly, and then turned her head coquettishly, and then looked again with eyes full of meaning.

Now, although Mr. Vanslyperken had always avoided amours on account of the expense entailed upon them, yet he was, like a dry chip, very inflammable, and the extreme beauty of the party made him feel unusual emotions. Her perseverance too—and her whole appearance so very respectable—so superior to the class of people who generally accosted him. He thought of the widow and her money-bags, and thought, also, how infinitely more desirable the widow would be, if she possessed but the beauty of the present party.

“ I do believe I’ve lost my way,” exclaimed the young person. “ Pray, sir, can you tell me the way to Castle Street, for I’m almost a stranger? And” (added she, laughing) “ I really don’t know my way back to my own house.”

Castle Street was, at that time, one of the best streets in Portsmouth, as Mr. Vanslyperken well knew. This assured him of her respectability. He very gallantly offered his arm

which, after a little demur, was accepted, and Mr. Vanslyperken conveyed her to her house. Of course she could do no less than ask him to walk up, and Mr. Vanslyperken, who had never been in anything approaching to good society, was in astonishment at the furniture. All appeared to denote wealth. He was soon in an interesting conversation, and by degrees found out that the lady was a young widow of the name of Malcolm, whose husband had been factor to the new company, called the East India Company; that she had come down to Portsmouth expecting him home, and that she had learnt that he had died on shore a few days before his intended embarkation for England. Since which, as she liked the place and the society, she had thoughts of remaining here.

“They say that gold in India is to be had for nothing.”

“It must be very plentiful,” replied the widow, “if I am to judge by the quantity my

poor husband sent me home, and he was not out more than three years. He left me a week after our marriage."

Here the lovely widow put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and Mr. Vanslyperken attempted to console her.

"It's so very unpleasant to be left without any one to advise you, and exposed to be cheated so dreadfully. What can a poor lone woman do? Did you ever see me before, sir?"

"I never did," replied our lieutenant. "May I ask the same question, for I thought you appeared to know me?"

"O yes! I've seen you very often, and wished to know who you were, but I was ashamed to ask. One cannot be too particular in my situation."

Mr. Vanslyperken was much pleased, but he had remained some time, and he thought it right to depart, so he rose and made his adieus.

"I hope I shall see you again," cried the widow, earnestly. "You will call again, sir, won't you?"

“Most certainly, and with the greatest pleasure,” replied Vanslyperken.

The lady extended her gloved hand, and as it was closed in that of Vanslyperken, he thought he felt a slight, a very slight pressure, which made his heart leap. And then, as he shut the door, she gave him such a look—O those eyes!—they pierced right through the heart of Vanslyperken.

The reader may not, perhaps, be aware who this gay widow might be. It was Nancy Corbett, who had, by the advice of Lady Alice, taken this step to entrap Mr. Vanslyperken. Nancy had obtained from Moggy all the particulars of the lieutenant's wooing of the widow Vandersloosh, and his character as a miser and a coward. Had he been a miser only, she would have attacked by gold alone, but being a coward, it was decided that he should have some further stimulus to betray his country, and enlist himself among the partisans of King James.

Beauty, joined with wealth, the chance of possessing both, with the attractive arts of Nancy, were considered necessary to sway him. Indeed they were so far right, that had any one made the bold proposal to Vanslyperken of joining the other party, and offered him at the same time ample remuneration, he would have been too suspicious or too timorous to run the risk. It was necessary to win him over by means which appeared accidental rather than otherwise. The difficulty of correspondence was very great; and as the cutter constantly was despatched to the Hague, and the French had agents there, not only letters, but even messengers, might be sent over without risk and without suspicion; for open boats being then the only means of communication, during the wintry part of the year, the correspondence was very precarious, and at long intervals.

Thus was Nancy Corbett changed into a buxom widow, all for the good cause, and well did she perform her part; for there was no

lack of money when such services were required. Vanslyperken left the house quite enchanted. "This will do," thought he, "and if I succeed, Frau Vandersloosh may go to the devil." He returned on board, unlocked his cabin, where Snarley yow had been secured from the machinations of Smallbones and other malcontents, and sat down to enjoy the castle-building which he had commenced after he left the house. He patted his dog, and apostrophised it. "Yes, my poor brute," said Vanslyperken, "your master will get a rich widow, without it being necessary that you should be laid dead at her porch. D——n Frau Vandersloosh."

The widow was more enchanting when Vanslyperken called on the ensuing day, than she was on the first. Her advances to the lieutenant were no longer doubtful to him. She entered freely into the state of her affairs, asked his advice upon money matters, and fully proved to his satisfaction that, independent of her beauty, she would be a much

greater catch than Frau Vandersloosh. She spoke about her family; said that she expected her brother over, but that he must come *incog.*, as he was attached to the court of the exiled king, lamented the difficulty of receiving letters from him, and openly expressed her adherence to the Stuart family. Vanslyperken appeared to make very little objection to her political creed; in fact, he was so fascinated that he fell blindly into the snare; he accepted an invitation to dine with her on that very day, and went on board to dress himself as fine for her as he had for the widow Vandersloosh. The lovely widow admired his uniform, and gave him many gentle hints upon which he might speak: but this did not take place until a *tête-à-tête* after dinner, when he was sitting on a sofa with her; (not on such a fussy sofa as that of Frau Vandersloosh, but one worked in tapestry,) much in the same position as we once introduced him in to the reader, to wit, with the lady's hand in his. Vanslyperken was

flushed with wine, for Nancy had pushed the bottle, and, at last, he spoke out clearly what his aspirations were. The widow blushed, laughed, wiped her eyes as if to brush away a falling tear, and eventually, with a slight pressure of the hand, stammered that she did not know what to say, the acquaintance was so short—it was so unexpected—she must reflect a little: at the same time, she could not but acknowledge, that she had been taken with him when she first saw him; and then she laughed and said, that she did really begin to believe that there was such a thing as love at first sight, and then—he had better go now, she wished to be alone—she really had a headache. Oh! Nancy Corbett! you were, indeed, an adept in the art of seduction—no wonder that your name has been handed down to posterity. Mr. Vanslyperken perceived his advantage, and pressed still more, until the blushing widow declared that she would really think seriously about the matter, if on further ac-

quaintance she found that her good opinion of him was not overrated.

Vanslyperken returned on board intoxicated with his success. On his arrival, he was informed that a messenger had been sent for him, but no one knew where to find him, and that he must be at the admiral's early the next morning, and have all ready for immediate sailing. This was rather annoying, but there was no help for it. The next day Vanslyperken went to the admiral's, and received orders to sail immediately to the Hague with despatches of consequence, being no less than an answer from King William to the States General. Mr. Vanslyperken proceeded from the admiral's to the charming widow, to whom he imparted this unwelcome intelligence. She, of course, was grave, and listened to his protestations with her little finger in her mouth, and a pensive, down-cast eye.

“How long will you be away?” inquired she.

“ But a week or ten days at the farthest. I shall fly back to see you again.”

“ But, tell me the truth, have you no acquaintances there?—now, tell the truth. I don’t mean men.”

“ Upon my honour, fair widow, I don’t know a single woman there,” replied Vanslyperken, pleased with this little appearance of jealousy; “ but I’m afraid that I must leave you, for the admiral is very severe.”

“ Will you do me one favour, Mr. Vanslyperken?”

“ Anything:—ask what you will.”

“ I want this letter forwarded to my brother—I am very anxious about it. The French agent there will send it on;—it is inclosed to him. Will you do me that favour, my dear sir?—I’m sure you will if——”

“ If what?”

“ If you love me,” replied the widow, laying her hand upon Vanslyperken.

“ I will, most certainly,” said Vanslyper-

ken, taking the letter and putting it in his pocket.

“Then I shall ask you another,” said the widow. “You will think me very foolish, but there may be an opportunity—will you write to me—just a few lines—only to tell me that you have given the letter, that’s all—and to say how you are—don’t you think me very foolish?”

“I will write, dearest, since you wish it—and now, good-bye.”

Vanslyperken took the widow round the waist, and after a little murmuring and reluctance, was permitted to snatch a kiss. Her eyes followed him mournfully till he shut the door and disappeared, and then Nancy Corbett gave way to unbounded mirth.

“So the fool has bit already,” thought she; “now if he only writes to me, and I get his acknowledgment of having delivered the letter, the beast is in my power, and I can hang him any day I please. Upon his honour, he did not know a single woman there:—Lord have

mercy!—what liars men are—but we can sometimes beat them with their own weapons.” And Nancy’s thoughts reverted to her former life, which she now dwelt upon with pain and sorrow.

Mr. Vanslyperken returned on board; the anchor was weighed immediately that the boats had been hoisted up, and the Yungfrau ran out with a fair wind, which lasted until the evening, when it fell almost calm, and the cutter made but little way through the water. Many of the men were conversing on the fore-castle as usual, and the subject of their discourse was the surmising what had become of Corporal Van Spitter. In one point they all appeared to agree, which was, that they hoped he would never return to the cutter.

“If he does I owe him one,” observed Jemmy Ducks. “It’s all through him that my wife was turned out of the vessel.”

“And a little bit from her tongue, Jemmy,” observed Coble.

“ Why, perhaps so,” replied Jemmy ; “ but what was it set her tongue loose but the threat of *him* to flog me, and what made him threaten that but the ’peaching of that fat marine ?”

“ Very good arguments, Jemmy. Well, I will say that for your wife, Jemmy, she does love you, and there’s no sham about it.”

“ Never mind Jemmy’s wife, let’s have Jemmy’s song,” said Spurey ; “ he hasn’t piped since he was pulled up by the corporal.”

“ No : he put my pipe out, the hippopotamus. Well, I’ll give it you—it shall be about what we are talking of, Obadiah.” Jemmy perched himself on the fore-end of the booms, and sang as follows :

“ I suppose that you think ’cause my trousers are
tarry,

And because that I ties my long hair in a tail,
While landsmen are figged out as fine as Lord Harry,
With breast-pins and cravats as white as old sail ;
That I’m a strange creature, a know-nothing ninny,
But fit for the planks for to walk in foul weather ;

That I ha'n't e'er a notion of the worth of a guinea,
And that you, Poll, can twist me about as a feather,—

Lord love you ! !

“ I know that this life is but short at the best on't,
That Time it flies fast, and that work must be done ;
That when danger comes 'tis as well for to jest on't,
'Twill be but the lighter felt when it do come :
If you think, then, from this that I an't got a notion
Of a heaven above, with its mercy in store,
And the devil below, for us lads of the ocean,
Just the same as it be for the landsmen on shore,—

Lord love you ! !

“ If because I don't splice with some true-hearted
woman,
Who'd doat on my presence, and sob when I sail,
But put up with you, Poll, though faithful to no man,
With a fist that can strike, and a tongue that can
rail ;

'Tis because I'm not selfish, and know 'tis my duty
If I marry to moor by my wife, and not leave her,
To dandle the young ones,—watch over her beauty,
D'ye think that I'd promise and vow, then deceive
her ?—

Lord love you !

“ I suppose that you think 'cause I'm free with my
money,
Which others would hoard and lock up in their
chest,
All your biling and cooling, and words sweet as honey,
Are as gospel to me while you hang on my breast ;
But no, Polly, no ;—you may take every guinea,
They'd burn in my pocket, if I took them to sea ;
But as for your love, Poll, I indeed were a ninny,—
D'ye think I don't know you cheat others than me ?
Lord love you ! !”

“ Well, that's a good song, Jemmy, and he
can't pull you up for that, any how.”

Mr. Vanslyperken appeared to think otherwise, for he sent a marine forward to say, that no singing would be permitted in future, and that they were immediately to desist.

“ I suppose we shall have a song considered as mutiny soon,” observed Coble. “ Ah, well, it's a long lane that has no turning.”

“ Yes,” replied Jemmy, in an under tone,
“ and for every rogue there's a rope laid up.
Never mind, let us go below.”

Mr. Vanslyperken's dreaming thoughts of the fair widow were nevertheless occasionally interrupted by others not quite so agreeable. Strange to say, he fully believed what Smallbones had asserted about his being carried out by the tide to the Nab buoy and he canvassed the question in his mind, whether there was not something supernatural in the affair, a sort of interposition of Providence in behalf of the lad, which was to be considered as a warning to himself not to attempt anything further. He was frightened, although his feeling for revenge was still in all its force. As for any one suspecting him of having attempted the boy's life, he had recovered from that feeling; even if they did, who dare say a word? There was another point which also engrossed the moody Vanslyperken, which was how he should behave relative to the widow Vandersloosh. Should he call or should he not? he cared nothing for her, and provided he could succeed with the Portsmouth lady, he

would pitch her to the devil; but still he remembered the old proverb, "You should never throw away dirty water before you are sure of clean." After some cogitation he determined upon still pressing his suit, and hoped at the same time that the widow would not admit him into her presence. Such were the different resolves and decisions which occupied the mind of Mr. Vanslyperken until he dropped his anchor at Amsterdam, when he ordered his boat to go on shore, and gave positive directions to Dick Short that no one was to leave the cutter on any pretence, for he was determined that as the widow would not have his company, she should not have the profits arising from his men spending their money at her house.

"So," cried Coble, after the boat shoved off, "liberty's stopped as well as singing. What next, I wonder? I sha'n't stand this long."

"No," replied Short.

"Stop till he makes friends with the widow,"

observed Bill Spurey ; “ she’ll get us all leave.”

“ Mein Gott, he nebber say anyting before,” observed Jansen.

“ No ; we might almost go and come as we wished. We must not stand this.”

“ We won’t,” replied Jemmy Ducks.

“ No,” replied Short.

While the crew of the cutter were in this incipient state of mutiny, Vanslyperken bent his steps to deliver up to the authorities the despatches with which he was charged ; and having so done, he then took out the letter intrusted to him by Nancy Corbett and read the address. It was the same street in which lived the Frau Vandersloosh. This was awkward, as Vanslyperken did not want to be seen by her ; but there was no help for it. He trusted to her not seeing him, and he proceeded thither : he ran down the numbers on the doors until he came to the right one, which was exactly opposite to the widow’s house :—this was more

unfortunate. He rang the bell ; it was some time before the door was opened, and while he was standing there he could not help looking round to see if any one saw him. To his annoyance, there stood the widow filling up her door with her broad frame, and Babette peeping over her shoulder. Mr. Vanslyperken, as there was only the canal and two narrow roads between them, could do no less than salute her, but she took no notice of him farther than by continuing her stare. At last, upon a second pulling of the bell, the door opened, and on Mr. Vanslyperken saying that he had a letter for such an address, he was admitted, and the door immediately closed. He was ushered into a room, the window-panes of which were painted green, so that no one outside could look in, and found himself in the presence of a tall man, in a clerical dress, who motioned to him to sit down.

Vanslyperken delivered the letter, and then took a seat. The gentleman made a graceful

bow, as if to ask permission to break the seal, and then opened the letter.

“ Sir, I am obliged to you for charging yourself with these packets—infinately obliged to you. You are in command of a sloop here, I believe.”

“ A king’s cutter, sir,” replied Vanslyperken, with importance; “ I am Lieutenant Vanslyperken.”

“ I thank you, sir. I will take down your name. You expect, I presume, to be rewarded for this small service,” continued the gentleman, with a bland smile.

“ Why, she must have told him,” thought Vanslyperken; who replied with another smile, “ that he certainly trusted that he should be.”

Upon which reply, the other went to an escritoire, and taking out a bag, opened it and poured out a mass of gold, which made Vanslyperken’s mouth water, but why he did so Vanslyperken did not give a thought, until having counted out fifty pieces, the gentleman

very gracefully put them into his hand, observing,

“ A lieutenant’s pay is not great, and we can afford to be generous. Will you oblige me by calling here before you sail for England, and I will beg you to take charge of a letter.”

Vanslyperken was all amazement : he began to suspect what was the fact, but he had the gold in his hand, and for the life of him, he could not have laid it down again on the table. It was too great a sacrifice, for it was his idol—his god. He therefore dropped it into his pocket, and promising to call before he sailed, bowed and took his leave. As he went out, there were the Frau Vandersloosh and Babette still watching him at the door, but Vanslyperken was in a state of agitation, and he hurried off as fast as he could. Had he known why they watched so earnestly, and what had occurred, his agitation would have been greater still. As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken had arrived on board, he hastened down into his

cabin, and throwing the money down on the table, feasted his eyes with it, and remained for nearly half-an-hour in a state of deep cogitation, during which he often asked himself the question, whether he had not been a traitor to the king and country in whose pay he was employed. The answer that he gave to himself was anything but satisfactory: but the prospect of possessing the fair Portsmouth widow, and the gold displayed upon the table, were very satisfactory, and the balance was on the latter side: so Vanslyperken gradually recovered himself, and had risen from his chair to collect the gold and deposit it in a place of safety, when he was interrupted by a tap at the door. Hastily sweeping off the gold pieces, he cried, "Come in;" when who, to his surprise, should appear, in excellent condition and fresh as a peony, but the lost and almost forgotten Corporal Van Spitter, who, raising his hand to his forehead as usual, reported himself man-of-war fashion, "Vas

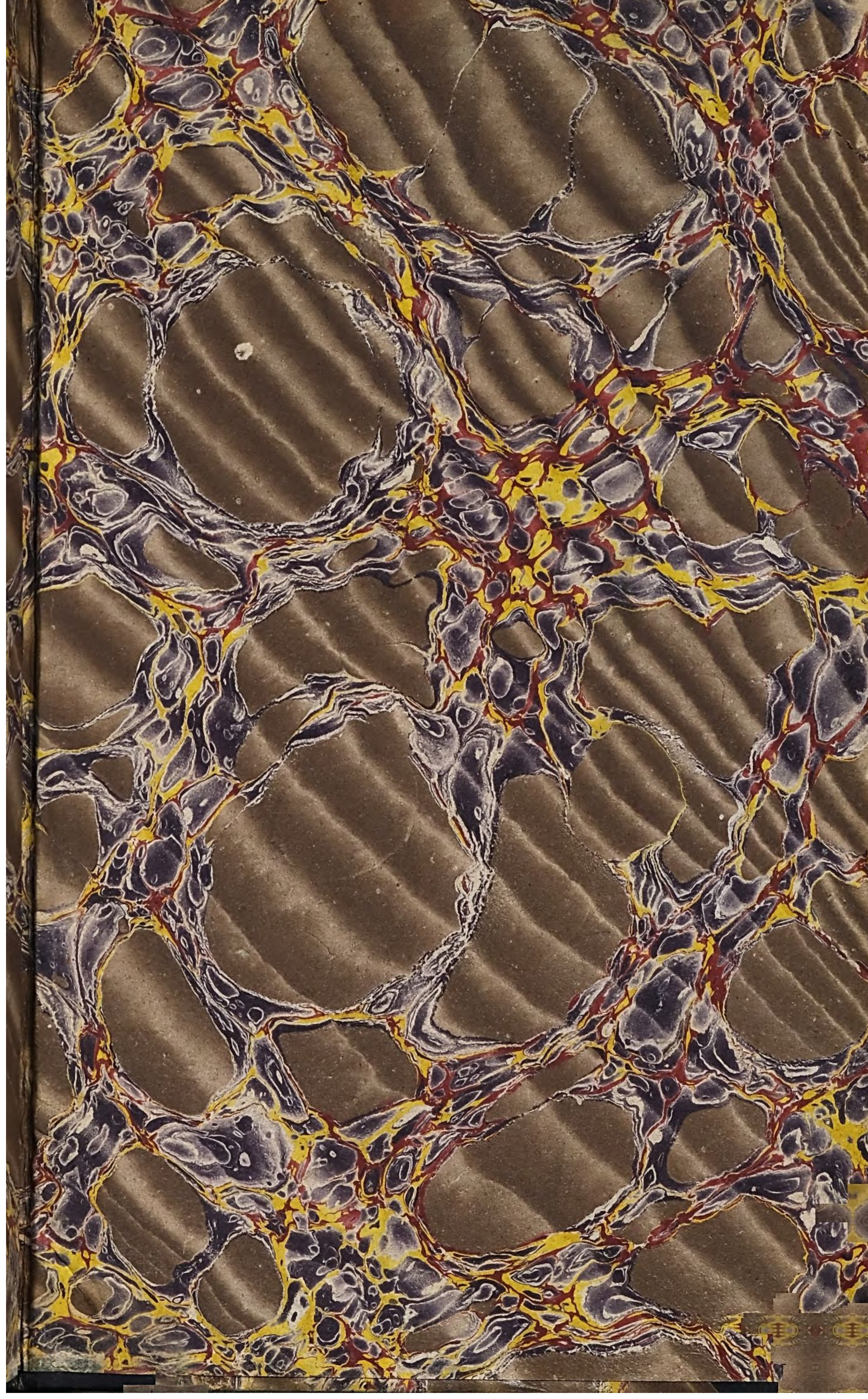
come on board, Mynheer Vanslyperken." But as the corporal did not tell all the facts connected with his cruise in the jolly-boat to Mr. Vanslyperken, for reasons which will hereafter appear, we shall reserve the narrative of what really did take place for another chapter.

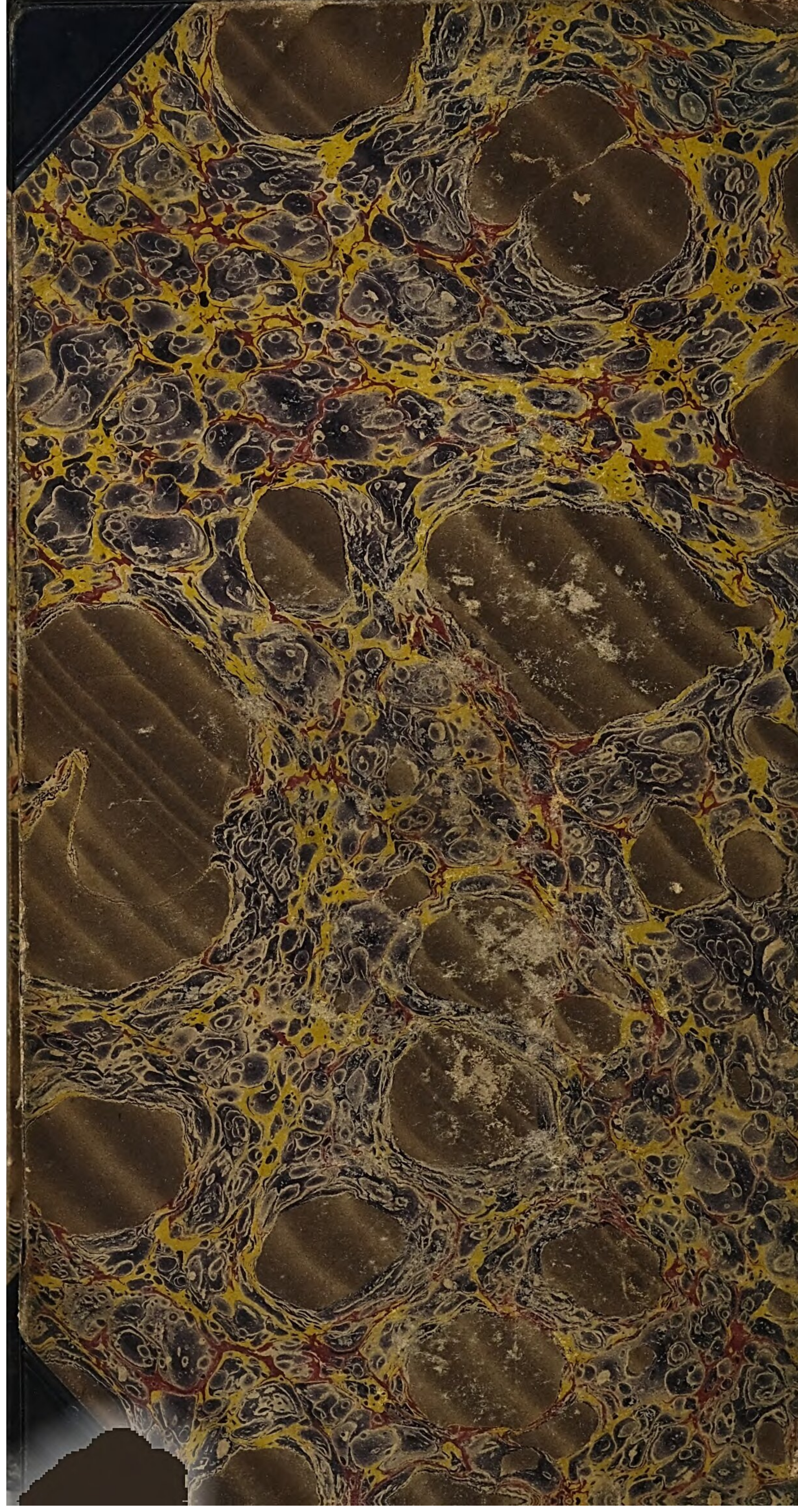
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